

She wou'd if she cou'd,

A
COMEDY.

Acted at His
HIGHNESSE the DUKE of YORK'S
THEATRE.

Written by
GEORGE ETHEREGE Esq;



LONDON,
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Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Oliver Cockwood }
 & } *Two Country Knights.*
Sir Jossin Jolley, }
Mr. Courtall }
 & } *Two honest Gentlemen of the Town.*
Mr. Freeman, }
My Lady Cockwood.
Ariana & } *Two young Ladies, Kinswomen of Sir Jossin*
Gatty, } *Jolley's.*
Mrs. Sentry, My Lady Cockwoods Gentlewoman.
Mrs. Gazette }
 & } *Two Exchange-women.*
Mrs. Trinket, }
Mr. Rake-hell, *A Knight of the Industry.*
Thomas, Sir Oliver Cockwoods Man.
A Servant belonging to Mr. Courtall.
Waiters, Fiddlers, and other Attendants.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dining-Room.

Enter Courtall and Freeman, and a Servant brushing Courtall.

Court. SO, so, 'tis well: let the coach be made ready.

Serv. It shall, Sir. *[Ex. Serv.]*

Court. Well, *Franck*, what is to be done to day?

Free. Faith, I think we must e'en follow the old Trade; eat well, and prepare our selves with

A Bottle or two of good *Burgundy*, that our

Old acquaintance may look lovely in our Eyes;

For, for ought as I see, there is no hopes of new.

Court. Well! this is grown a wicked Town, it was

Otherwise in my memory; a Gentleman

Should not have gone out of his Chamber,

But some civil Officer or other of the Game

Wou'd have been with him, and have given him

Notice where he might have had a course or

Two in the Afternoon.

Free. Truly a good motherly woman of my acquaintance

T'other day, talking of the sins of the times,

Told me, with tears in her Eyes, that there are a

Company of hilding Rascals, who partly

For themselves, but more especially for some

Secret friends, daily forestall the Markets;

Nay, and that many Gentlemen who formerly had

B

Been

Been Persons of great worth and honour, are of late,
For some private reasons, become their own
Purveyors, to the utter decay and discouragement
Of Trade and Industry.

Court. I know there are some wary Merchants,
Who never trust their business to a Factor;
But for my part, I hate the *Fatigue*, and had
Rather be bound to back my own Colts, and man
My own Hawks, than endure the impertinencies
Of bringing a young Wench to the Lure. [*Ent. Serv.*]

Serv. Sir, there is a Gentlewoman below desires to
Speak with you.

Court. Ha, *Freeman*, this may be some lucky
Adventure.

Serv. She ask'd me, if you were alone.

Court. And did not you say Ay?

Serv. I told her, I would go see.

Court. Go, go down quickly, and tell her I am.

Franck, prithee let me put thee into this
Closet a while.

Free. Why, may not I see her?

Court. On my life thou shalt have fair play, and
Go halves, if it be a purchase that may with
Honour be divided; you may over-hear all:
But for decency sake, in, in man.

Free. Well, good Fortune attend thee. { *Enter Mrs.*

Court. Mrs. *Sentry*, this is a happiness { *Sentry.*
Beyond my expectation.

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Court. I hope your Lady's come to Town?

Sent. Sir *Oliver*, my Lady, and the whole Family:
Well! we have had a sad time in the Country;
My Lady's so glad she's come to enjoy the freedom
Of this place again, and I dare say longs to have
The happiness of your company.

Court. Did she send you hither?

Sent. Oh no, if she should but know that I did such a
Confident trick, she wou'd think me a good one.

I faith;

I'faith; the zeal I have to serve you, made me
 Venture to call in my way to the Exchange,
 To tell you the good news, and to let you know our
 Lodgings are in *James-street* at the Black-Posts,
 Where we lay the last Summer.

Cour. Indeed it is very obligingly done.

Sent. But I must needs desire you to tell my Lady,
 That you came to the knowledge of this by some
 Lucky chance or other; for I would not be discovered
 For a world.

Cour. Let me alone, I warrant thee. [*Enter Servant.*

Serv. Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, Sir, is come to wait on you.

Sent. O Heaven! my Master! my Lady, and my self
 Are both undone, undone——

Cour. 'Sdeath, why did you not tell him I was busied?

Sent. For Heavens sake, Mr. *Courtall*, what shall
 I do?

Cour. Leave, leave trembling, and creep into the
 Wood-hole here. [*She goes into the Wood-hole.*

Enter Sir Oliver.

Cour. Sir *Oliver Cockwood*! [*Embraces him.*

Sir Oliv. Honest Ned *Courtall*, by my troth I think
 Thou tak'st me for a pretty Wench, thou
 Hug'st me so very close and heartily.

Cour. Only my joy to see you, Sir *Oliver*, and to
 Welcome you to Town.

Sir Oliv. Methinks, indeed, I have been an age absent,
 But I intend to redeem the time; and how, and how
 Stand Affairs, prithee now? is the Wine good?
 Are the Women kind?

Well, faith, a man had better be a vagabond
 In this Town, than a Justice of Peace in the
 Country: I was e'ne grown a Sot for want
 Of Gentleman-like recreations; if a man
 Do but rap out an Oath, the people start
 As if a Gun went off; and if one chance

But to couple himself with this Neighbours
Daughter, without the help of the Parson of
The Parish, and leave a little testimony of
His kindness behind him, there is presently
Such an uproar, that a poor man is fain to
Fly his Country : as for drunkenness, 'tis true,
It may be us'd without scandal, but the Drink
Is so abominable, that a man would forbear it;
For fear of being made out of love with the vice.

Cour. I see, Sir Oliver, you continue still your old
Humour, and are resolv'd to break your sweet
Lady's heart.

Sir Oliv. You do not think me sure so barbarously
Unkind, to let her know all this; no, no, these
Are secrets fit only to be trusted to such
Honest Fellows as thou art.

Cour. Well may I, poor Sinner, be excus'd, since
A Woman of such rare beauty, such incomparable
Parts, and of such an unblemished
Reputation, is not able to reclaim you from
These wild courses, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. To say the truth, she is a Wife that no man
Need be asham'd of, Ned.

Cour. I vow, Sir Oliver, I must needs blame you,
Considering how tenderly she loves you.

Sir Oliv. Ay, Ay, the more is her misfortune, and mine
Too Ned : I would willingly give thee a pair
Of the best Coach-Horses in my Stable, so
Thou could'st but persuade her to love me
Less.

Cour. Her virtue and my friendship sufficiently
Secure you against that, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. I know thou wert never married, but has it
Never been thy misfortune to have a Mistress
Love thee thus entirely?

Cour. It never has been my good fortune, Sir Oliver,
But why do you ask this question?

Sir Oliv. Because then, perchance, thou might'st have
Been

Been a little sensible what a damn'd trouble it is.

Cour. As how, *Sir Oliver*?

Sir Oliv. Why look thee, thus : for a man cannot be Altogether ungrateful, sometimes one is oblig'd To kiss, and fawn, and toy, and lye fooling an hour Or two, when a man had rather, if it were not for The disgrace sake, stand all that while in the Pillory Paulted with rotten Eggs and Oranges.

Cour. This is a very hard case indeed, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. And then the inconvenience of keeping Regular hours; but above all, that damn'd fiend Jealousie does so possess these passionate Lovers, That I protest, *Ned*, under the *Rose* be it spoken, If I chance to be a little prodigal in my expence On a private Friend or so, I am call'd to so strict An account at night, that for quietness sake I am Often forc'd to take a Dose of Cantharides to Make up the sum.

Cour. Indeed, *Sir Oliver*, every thing consider'd, You are not so much to be envy'd as one may Rashly imagine.

Sir Oliv. Well, a pox of this tying man and woman Together, for better, for worse! upon my conscience It was but a Trick that the Clergy might have A feeling in the Cause.

Cour. I do not conceive it to be much for their Profit, *Sir Oliver*, for I dare lay a good wager, Let 'em but allow Christian Liberty, and they Shall get ten times more by Christnings, Than they are likely to lose by Marriages.

Sir Oliv. Faith, thou hast hit it right, *Ned*; and now Thou talk'st of Christian Liberty, prethee let us Dine together to day, and be swingingly merry, But with all secrecy.

Cour. I shall be glad of your good company, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. I am to call on a very honest Fellow, whom I left here hard by making a Visit, *Sir Joslin Jolly*, A Kinsman of my Wifes, and my Neighbour in the

Country;

Country ; we call Brothers, he came up to Town :
 With me, and lodgeth in the same house ; he has
 Brought up a couple of the prettiest Kinswomen,
 Heiresses of a very good Fortune : would thou
 Hadst the instructing of 'em a little ;
 Faith, if I am not very much mistaken,
 They are very prone to the study of the
 Mathematicks.

Cour. I shall be beholding to you for so good an
 Acquaintance.

Sir Oliv. This Sir *Joslin* is in great favour with my
 Lady, one that she has an admirable good
 Opinion of, and will trust me with him
 Any where ; but to say truth, he is as arrant
 A sinner as the best of us, and will boggle at
 Nothing that becomes a man of Honour.
 We will go and get leave of my Lady ;
 For it is not fit I should break out so soon
 Without her approbation, *Ned*.

Cour. By no means, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. Where shall we meet about an hour hence?

Cour. At the French-house or the Bear.

Sir Oliv. At the French-house by all means.

Cour. Agreed, agreed.

Sir Oliv. Would thou could'st bring a fourth man.

Cour. What think you of *Franck Freeman*?

Sir Oliv. There cannot be a better----well----

Servant, *Ned*, Servant, *Ned*! [Exit *Sir Oliver*.

Cour. Your Servant, *Sir Oliver*.

Mrs. Sentry!

Sentry in the hole. Is he gone?

Cour. Ay, Ay ! you may venture to bolt now.

Sentry crawling out. Oh Heavens ! I would not
 Endure such another fright.

Cour. Come, come, prethee be compos'd.

Sent. I shall not be my self again this fortnight ;
 I never was in such a taking days of my life.
 To have been found false, and to one who to

Say truth, has been always very kind
And civil to me ; but above all, I was concern'd
For my Lady's Honour——

Cour. Come, come---there's no harm done.

Sent. Ah ! Mr. *Courtauld*, you do not know Sir *Oliver*
So well as I do, he has strange humours sometimes,
And has it enough in's Nature to play the
Tyrant, but that my Lady and my self awe him
By our Policy.

Cour. Well, well, all's well ; did you not hear
What a taring Blade Sir *Oliver* is ?

Sent. Ah ! 'tis a vile dissembling man ; how fairly
He carries it to my Lady's face ! but I dare not
Discover him for fear of betraying my self.

Cour. Well, Mrs. *Sentry*, I must dine with 'em,
And after I have enter'd them with a Beer-glass
Or two, if I can I will slip away, and pay my
Respects to your Lady.

Sent. You need not question your welcome,
I assure you, Sir----your Servant, Sir.

Cour. Your Servant, Mrs. *Sentry*, I am very sensible
Of this Favour, I assure you.

Sent. I am proud it was in my pow'r to oblige you,
Sir. [Exit *Sentry*.

Cour. *Freeman* ! come, come out of thy hole ; how
Hast thou been able to contain ?

Free. Faith much ado, the Scene was very pleasant ;
But above all, I admire thy impudence,
I could never have had the face to have wheedl'd
The poor Knight so.

Cour. Pish, Pish, 'twas both necessary and honest ;
We ought to do all we can to confirm a
Husband in the good opinion of his Wife.

Free. Pray how long, if without offence a man may
Ask you, have you been in good grace with this Person
Of Honour ? I never knew you had that
Commendable quality of secrecy before.

Cour. You are mistaken, *Freeman*, things go not
As you wickedly imagine.

Free.

Free. Why, hast thou lost all sense of modesty? Do'st thou think to pass these gross wheedles on Me too? come, come, this good news should make Thee a little merrier: faith, though she be an old Acquaintance, she has the advantage of four or five Months absence. 'Slid, I know not how proud You are, but I have thought my self very spruce E're now in an old Suit, that has been brush'd And laid up a while.

Cour. Freeman, I know in cases of this nature thou Art an Infidel; but yet methinks the knowledge Thou hast of my sincere dealing with my Friends should make thee a little more confiding.

Free. What devilish Oath could she invent to Fright thee from a discovery?

Cour. Wilt thou believe me if I swear, the preservation Of her Honour has been my fault, and not hers?

Free. This is something.

Cour. Why then, know that I have still been as Careful to prevent all opportunities, as she has been to Contrive 'em; and still have carried it so like a Gentleman, that there has not had the least suspicion Of unkindness: she is the very spirit of impertinence, So foolishly fond and troublesome, that no man above Sixteen is able to endure her.

Free. Why did you engage thus far then?

Cour. Some conveniences which I had by my Acquaintance with the Sot her Husband, made Me extraordinary civil to her, which presently By her Ladiship was interpreted after the manner Of the most obliging women: this Wench came Hither by her Commission today.

Free. With what confidence she deny'd it!

Cour. Nay, that's never wanting, I assure you: Now is it expected I should lay by all other Occasions, and watch every opportunity to wait Upon her; she would by her good will give her Lover no more rest, than a young Squire that

Has

Has newly set up a Coach, does his only pair of Horses.

Free. Faith, if it be as thou say'st, I cannot much Blame the hardness of thy heart : but did Not the Oase talk of two young Ladies?

Cour. Well remembred, *Frank*, and now I think On't, 'twill be very necessary to carry on my business With the old one, that we may the better have An opportunity of being acquainted with them. Come, let us go and bespeak dinner, and by the Way consider of these weighty affairs.

Free. Well; since there is but little ready money Stirring, rather then want entertainment, I shall be contented to play a while upon Tick.

Cour. And I, provided they promise fair, and we find There's hopes of payment hereafter.

Free. Come along, come along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Sir Oliver Cockwood's Lodging.

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. Cock. 'Tis too late to repent : I sent her, but yet I cannot but be troubled to think she stay's so long ; Sure if she has so little gratitude to let him, he has More honour then to attempt any thing to the Prejudice of my affection---Oh---*Sentry*, are you come?

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam ! there has been such an accident!

La. Cock. Prithee do not fright me, Wench---

Sent. As I was discoursing with Mr. *Courtal*, in came Sir *Oliver*.

La. Cock. Oh !----I'm ruin'd---undone for ever!

Sent. You'll still be sending me on these desperate Errands.

La. Cock. I am betray'd, betray'd---by this False---what shall I call thee?

Sent.

Sent. Nay, but Madam--- have a little patience-----

La. Cock. I have lost all patience, and will never
More have any----

Sent. Do but hear me, all is well----

La. Cock. Nothing can be well, unfortunate Woman.

Sent. Mr. *Courtall* thrust me into the Wood-hole.

La. Cock. And did not Sir *Oliver* see thee ?

Sent. He had not the least glimpse of me----

La. Cock. Dear *Sentry*---and what good news ?

Sent. He intends to wait upon you in the
Afternoon, Madam----

La. Cock. I hope you did not let him know I sent you.

Sent. No, no, Madam---I'll warrant you I did every
Thing much to the advantage of your Honour.

La. Cock. Ah *Sentry* ! if we could but think of some
Lucky plot now to get Sir *Oliver* out of the way.

Sent. You need not trouble your self about that,
Madam, he has engag'd to dine with Mr. *Courtall* at the
French-house, and is bringing Sir *Joslin Jolly* to get
Your good Will ; when Mr. *Courtall* has fix'd 'em
With a Beer-glass or two, he intends to steal
Away, and pay his Devotion to your Ladiship.

La. Cock. Truly he is a Person of much Worth
And Honour.

Sent. Had you but been there, Madam, to have
Over-heard Sir *Oliver*'s Discourse, he would have
Made you bless your self ; there is not such another
Wild man in the Town ; all his talk was of
Wenching, and swearing, and drinking, and tearing.

La. Cock. Ay, Ay, *Sentry*, I know he'll talk of
Strange matters behind my back ; but if he be not
An abominable Hypocrite at home, and I am not a
Woman easily to be deceived, he is not able
To play the Spark abroad thus, I assure you.

Enter Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin, Sir Joslin singing
My dearest Dear, this is kindly done of thee
To come home agen thus quickly.

Sir Oliv. Nay, my Dear, thou shalt never have any
Just cause to accuse me of unkindness.

La.

La. Cock. Sir *Joslin*, now you are a good man, and I shal trust you with Sir *Oliver* agen.

Sir Jos. Nay, if I ever break my word with a Lady, I will be deliver'd bound to Mrs. *Sentry* here, And she shall have leave to carve me for a Capon.

Sent. Do you think I have a heart cruel enough For such a bloody execution ?

Sir Jos. Kindly spoke i' faith, Girl, I'll give thee A Buss for that. [Kisses her.]

La. Cock. Fy, fy, Sir *Joslin*, this is not seemly in my Presence.

Sir Jos. We have all our failings, Lady, and this is Mine: a right bred Grey-hound can as well forbear Running after a Hare when he sees her, as I can Mumbling a pretty Wench when she comes in my way.

La. Cock. I have heard indeed you are a parlous man, Sir *Joslin*.

Sir Jos. I seldom brag, Lady, but for a true Cock of The Game, little *Joslin* dares match with the best of 'em

Sir Oliv. Sir *Joslin*'s merry, my Dear.

La. Cock. Ay, Ay, if he should be wicked, I know Thou art too much a Gentleman to offer an injury To thine own dear Lady.

Sir Jos. Faith, Madam, you must give my Brother *Cockwood* leave to dine abroad to day.

La. Cock. I protest, Sir *Joslin*, you begin to make Me hate you too ; well, you are e'ne grown as bad As the worst of 'em, you are still robbing me of The sweet Society of Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Jos. Come, come, your Discipline is too Severe, i' faith Lady.

La. Cock. Sir *Oliver* may do what he pleases, Sir, He knows I have ever been his obedient Lady.

Sir Oliv. Prithee, my Dear, be not angry, Sir *Joseph* was so earnest in his invitation, that none But a Clown could have refus'd him.

Sir Jos. Ay, Ay, we dine at my Uncle Sir *Joseph Jolly's*, Lady.

La. Cock. Will you be sure now to be a good Dear, and not drink, nor stay out late?

Sir Jos. He engage for all, and if there be no Harm in a merry Catch or a waggish Story----

Enter Ariant and Mtrs. Gatty.

Ha, ha! Sly-girl and Mad-cap, are you got up? I know what you have been meditating on; But never trouble your heads, let me Alone to bring you consolation.

Gat. We have often been beholding to you, Sir: for every time he's drunk, he brings us Home a couple of fresh Servants.

Sir Oliv. Well, farewell my Dear, prithee do not Sigh thus, but make thee ready, visit, and be merry.

La. Cock. I shall receive most satisfaction In my Chamber.

Sir Jos. Come, come along, Brother: farewell One and all, Lady and Sly-girl, Sly-girl and Mad-cap, Your Servant, your Servant----

[Ex. Sir Oliver and Sir Joslin singing.]

La. Cock to Sentry aside. Sentry, is the new Point Bought come home, and is every thing in a readyness?

Sent. Every thing, Madam.

La. Cock. Come, come up quickly then, Girl, and Dress me. *[Ex. La. Cock, and Sentry.]*

Aria. Dost not thou wonder, Gatty, she should be So strangely fond of this Coxcomb?

Gat. Well, if she does not dissemble, may I still Be discover'd when I do; didst thou not see how Her Countenance chang'd, as soon as ever their Backs were turn'd, and how earnestly she whispered With her Woman? there is some weighty affair In hand, I warrant thee: my dear *Ariana*, how Glad am I we are in this Town agen.

Aria. But we have left the benefit of the fresh Air, and the delight of wandring in the Pleasant Groves.

Gat. Very pretty things for a young Gentlewoman

To bemoan the loss of indeed, that's newly come to a
Relish of the good things of this world.

Aria. Very good, Sister!

Gatty. Why, hast not thou promis'd me a thousand
Times, to leave off this demureness?

Aria. But you are so quick.

Gatty. Why, wou'd it not make any one mad to hear
Thee bewail the loss of the Country? speak
But one grave word more, and it shall be my daily
Prayers thou may'st have a jealous Husband, and then
You'll have enough of it I warrant you.

Aria. It may be, if your tongue be not altogether
Sonimble, I may be conformable; But I hope
You do not intend we shall play such mad Reaks
As we did last Summer?

Gatty. 'Slife, do'st thou think we come here to be
Mew'd up, and take only the liberty of going from our
Chamber to the Dining-Room, and from the
Dining-Room to our Chamber again? and like a
Bird in a Cage, with two Perches only, to hop
Up and down, up and down?

Aria. Well, thou art a mad Wench.

Gatty. Would'st thou never have us go to a Play
But with our grave Relations, never take the air but
With our grave Relations? to feed their pride,
And make the world believe it is in their power
To afford some Gallant or other a good bargain?

Aria. But I am afraid we shall be known again.

Gatty. Pish! the men were only acquainted with
Our Vizards and our Petticoats, and they are wore
Out long since: how I envy that Sex! well! we
Cannot plague 'em enough when we have it in
Our power for those priviledges which custom
Has allow'd 'em above us.

Aria. The truth is, they can run and ramble here,
And there, and every where, and we poor Fools
Rather think the better of 'em.

Gatty. From one Play-house, to the other Play-house,

And

And if they like neither the Play nor the Women,
They seldom stay any longer than the combing
Of their Perriwigs, or a whisper or two with a
Friend ; and then they cock their Caps, and out they
Strut again.

Aria. But whatsoever we do, prithee now let us
Resolve to be mighty honest.

Gatty. There I agree with thee.

Aria. And if we find the Gallants like lawless
Subjects, who the more their Princes grant,
The more they impudently crave.

Gatty. We'll become absolute Tyrants, and deprive
'Em of all the priviledges we gave 'em——

Aria. Upon these conditions I am contented to trail
A Pike under thee----march along Girl.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Mulberry-Garden.

Enter Courtal and Freeman.

Court. **W**As there ever a couple of Fops better match'd
Than these two Knights are ?

Free. They are Harp and Violin, Nature has so
Tun'd 'em, as if she intended they should
Always play the Fool in Consort.

Court. Now is Sir *Oliver* secure, for he dares not go
Home 'till he's quite drunk, and then he grows
Valiant, insults, and defies his sweet Lady ;
For which with Prayers and Tears he's forc'd
To feign a bitter repentance the next morning.

Free.

Free. What do we here idling in the Mulberry-Garden?
Why do not we make this visit then ?

Court. Now art thou as mad upon this trail, as if
We were upon a hot scent.

Free. Since we know the bush, why do we not start
The Game ?

Court. Gently, good *Franck*; first know that the laws
Of Honour prescrib'd in such nice cases, will not
Allow me to carry thee along with me; and next,
Hast thou so little wit to think, that a discreet
Lady that has had the experience of so much humane
Frailty, can have so good an opinion of the constancy
Of her Servant, as to lead him into temptation?

Free. Then we must not hope her Ladiship shou'd
Make us acquainted with these Gentlewomen.

Cour. Thou may'st as reasonably expect, that an old
Rook should bring a young Snap acquainted
With his Bubble; but advantages may be
Hereafter made, by my admission into the Family.

Free. What is to be done then ?

Cour. Why, look you, thus I have contriv'd it:
Sir Oliver, when I began to grow resty, that he
Might incline me a little more to drunkenness,
In my ear discover'd to me the humour of
His dear friend *Sir Joslin*: he assur'd me, that
When he was in that good natur'd condition,
To requite their courtesie, he always carried
The good Company home with him, and
Recommended them to his Kinswomen.

Free. Very good !

Court. Now after the fresh air has breath'd on us
A while, and expel'd the vapours of the Wine
We have drunk, thou shalt return to these
Two Sots, whom we left at the French-house,
According to our promise, and tell 'em, I am a
Little stay'd by some unlucky bus'ness, and
Will be with 'em presently; thou wilt find 'em
Tir'd with long fight, weak and unable to observe

Their

Their Orders; charge 'em briskly, and in a moment
Thou shalt rout 'em, and with little or no damage
To thy self gain an absolute Victory.

Free. Very well!

Court. In the meantime I will make my visit to the
Longing Lady, and order my business so
Handsomly, that I will be with thee again immediately,
To make an Experiment of the good humour of
Sir *Joslin*.

Free. Let's about it.

Court. 'Tis yet too early, we must drill away a little
Time here, that my excuses may be more probable,
And my persecution more tolerable.

*Enter Ariana and Gatty with Vizards, and pass
nimble over the Stage.*

Free. Ha, ha---how wantonly they trip it! there is
Temptation enough in their very gate, to
Stir up the courage of an old Alderman:
Prithee let us follow 'em.

Court. I have been so often balk'd with these Vizard-
Masks, that I have at least a dozen times
Forsworn 'em; they are a most certain sign
Of an ill face, or what is worse, an old
Acquaintance.

Free. The truth is, nothing but some such weighty
Reason, is able to make women deny themselves
The pride they have to be seen.

Court. The Evening's fresh and pleasant, and yet
There is but little company.

Free. Our Course will be the better, these Deer
not herd: come, come man, let's follow.

Court. I find it is a meer folly to forswear any
thing, but make the Devil the more
a temptation.

[They go after the Women.]

Enter

Enter Women again, and cross the Stage.

Aria. Now if these should prove two men of War
That are cruising here, to watch for Prizes.

Gatty. Would they had courage enough to set upon
Us; I long to be engag'd.

Aria. Look, look yonder, I protest they chase us.

Gatty. Let us bear away then; if they be truly valiant
They'll quickly make more Sail, and board us.

*The Women go out, and go about behind the Scenes
to the other Door.*

Enter Courtall and Freeman.

Free. 'Sdeath, how fleet they are! whatsoever faults
They have, they cannot be broken-winded.

Cour. Sure, by that little mincing step they
Shou'd be Country Fillies that have been breath'd
At Course a Park, and Barly-Break: we shall
Never reach 'em.

Free. I'll follow directly, do thou turn down the
Cross-walk and meet 'em.

*Enter the Women, and after 'em Courtall at the lower
Door, and Free. at the upper on the contrary side.*

Cour. By your leave, Ladies——

Gatty. I perceive you can make bold enough
Without it.

Free. Your Servant, Ladies——

Aria. Or any other Ladys that will give themselves
The trouble to entertain you.

Free. 'Slife, their tongues are as nimble as their heels.

Cour. Can you have so little good nature to dash
A couple of bashful young men out of countenance,
Who came out of pure love to tender
You their service?

Gatty. 'Twere pity to baulk 'em, Sister.

D

Aria.

Aria. Indeed methinks they look as if they never
Had been slip'd before.

Free. Yes faith, we have had many a fair course
In this Paddock, have been very well flesh'd,
And dare boldly fasten.

[They kiss their hands with a little force.]

Aria. Well, I am not the first unfortunate woman
That has been forc'd to give her hand, where
She never intends to bestow her heart

Gatty. Now, do you think 'tis a bargain already?

Cour. Faith, would there were some lusty earnest
Given, for fear we should unluckily break
Off again.

Free. Are you so wild that you must be hooded thus?

Cour. Fy, fy, put off these scandals to all good Faces.

Gatty. For your reputations sake we shall keep 'em
On: 'sife we should be taken for your Relations,
If we durst shew our Faces with you thus
Publickly.

Aria. And what a shame that would be to a couple
Of young Gallants/ methinks you should blush
To think on't.

Cour. These were pretty toys, invented, first, meerly
For the good of us poor Lovers to deceive
The jealous, and to blind the malicious; but
The proper use is so wickedly perverted,
That it makes all honest men hate the
Fashion mortally.

Free. A good Face is as seldom cover'd with a Vizard-
Mask, as a good Hat with an oyl'd Case:
And yet on my Conscience, you are both
Handsome.

Court. Do but remove 'em a little, to satisfy a foolish
Scruple.

Aria. This is a just punishment you have brought
Upon your selves, by that unpardonable
Sin of talking.

Gatty. You can only brag now of your acquaintance

With

With a Farendon Gown, and a piece
Of black Velvet.

Cour. The truth is, there are some vain fellows
Whose loose behaviour of late has given
Great discouragement to the honourable proceedings
Of all vertuous Ladies.

Free. But I hope you have more charity, than
To believe us of the number of the wicked.

Aria. There's not a man of you to be trusted.

Gatty. What a shame is it to your whole Sex,
That a Woman is more fit to be a Privy-
Councillour, than a young Gallant a Lover?

Cour. This is a pretty kind of fooling, Ladies, for
Men that are idle ; but you must bid a
Little fairer, if you intend to keep us
From our serious bus'ness.

Gatty. Truly you seem to be men of great
Employment, that are every moment ratling from
The Eating-Houses to the Play-Houses, from the
Play-Houses to the Mulberry-Garden, that
Live in a perpetual hurry, and have little
Leisure for such an idle entertainment.

Cour. Now would not I see thy face for the world ;
If it should but be half so good as thy humour,
Thou would'st dangerously tempt me to doat
Upon thee, and forgetting all shame, become
Constant.

Free. I perceive, by your fooling here, that wit and
Good humour may make a man in love with
A Blackamore. That the Devil should contrive
It so, that we should have earnest bus'ness now.

Cour. Wou'd they wou'd but be so kind to meet us
Here again to morrow.

Gatty. You are full of bus'ness, and 'twould but
Take you off of your employments.

Aria. And we are very unwilling to have the sin to
Answer for, of ruining a couple of such
Hopeful young men.

Free. Must we then despair?

Aria. The Ladys you are going to, will not be so Hard-hearted.

Cour. to Free. On my Conscience, they love us, and Begin to grow jealous already.

Free. Who knows but this may prove the luckier Adventure of the two?

Cour. Come, come, we know you have a mind to Meet us: we cannot see you blush, speak it out Boldly.

Gatty. Will you swear then, not to visit any other Women before that time?

Aria. Not that we are jealous, but because we would Not have you tir'd with the impertinent Conversation of our Sex, and come to us dull And out of humour.

Cour. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid 'T would make an Atheist start to hear it.

Free. And I will swear it readily, that I will not So much as speak to a woman, 'till I Speak to you again.

Gatty. But are you troubl'd with that foolish Scruple of keeping an Oath?

Free. O most religiously!

Cour. And may we not enlarge our hopes upon a Little better acquaintance?

Aria. You see all the freedom we allow.

Gatty. It may be we may be intreated to hear a Fiddle, or mingle in a Country Dance, or so.

Cour. Well! we are in too desperate a condition To stand upon Articles, and are resolv'd to Yield on any terms.

Free. Be sure you be punctual now!

Aria. Will you be sure?

Cour. Or else may we become a couple of credulous Coxcombs, and be Jilted ever after.

—Your Servants, Ladys.

[*Ex. Men.*

Aria. I wonder what they think of us!

Gatty.

Gat. You may easily imagine; for they are not of
A humour so little in fashion, to believe the best:
I assure you the most favourable opinion they can
Have, is that we are still a little wild, and stand in
Need of better manning.

Aria. Prithee, dear Girl, what dost think of 'em?

Gat. Faith so well, that I'm asham'd to tell thee.

Aria. Wou'd I had never seen 'em!

Gat. Ha! Is it come to that already?

Aria. Prithee, let's walk a turn or two
More, and talk of 'em.

Gat. Let us take care then we are not too particular
In their commendations, lest we should discover
We intrench upon one anothers inclinations,
And so grow quarrellsom. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Sir Oliver's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

Sent. Dear Madam, do not afflict your self thus
Unreasonably; I dare lay my life, it is not want
Of devotion, but opportunity that stays him.

La. Cock. Ingrateful man! to be so insensible
Of a Ladies passion!

Sent. If I thought he were so wicked, I should
Hate him strangely----but, Madam.

La. Cock. Do not speak one word in his behalf,
I am resolv'd to forget him; perfidious Mortal,
To abuse so sweet an opportunity!

Sent. Hark, here is some body coming up stairs:

La. Cock. Peace, he may yet redeem his Honour.

Enter Courtall.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock, starting. Mr. Courtall, for Heav'n sake
How came you hither?

Court. Guided by my good Fortune, Madam----
Your Servant, Mrs. *Sentry.*

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir; I protest you made

Me start too, to see you come in thus unexpectedly.

La. Cock. I did not imagine it could be known I was in Town yet.

Court. Sir *Oliver* did me the favour to make me A Visit, and dine with me to day, which brought Me to the knowledge of this happiness, Madam ; And as soon as I could possibly, I got the Freedom to come hither and enjoy it.

La. Cock. You have ever been extream obliging, Sir.

Sent. 'Tis a worthy Gentleman, how punctual He is to my directions ! [*Aside.*

La. Cock. Will you be pleas'd to repose, Sir ? [*Exit Sentry.*
Sentry, set some Chairs.

Court. With much difficulty, Madam, I broke Out of my Company, and was forc'd by the Importunity of one Sir *Joslin Jolly*, I think they Call him, to engage my Honour I would Return again immediately.

La. Cock. You must not so soon rob me Of so sweet a satisfaction.

Court. No consideration, Madam, could take Me from you, but that I know my stay at this Time must needs endanger your Honour ; and how Often I have deny'd my self the greatest satisfaction In the world, to keep that unblemished, you Your self can witness.

La. Cock. Indeed I have often had great tryals Of your Generosity, in those many misfortunes That have attended our innocent affections.

Court. Sir *Oliver*, Madam, before I did perceive It, was got near that pitch of drunkenness, Which makes him come reeling home, and Unmanfully insult over your Ladiship ; and how Subject he is then to injure you with an unjust Suspicion, you have often told me ; which makes Me careful not to be surpris'd here.

La. Cock. Repose your self a little, but a little, Dear Sir : these vertuous Principles make you worthy to be

Trusted

Trusted with a Ladies Honour : indeed Sir *Oliver*
Has his failings ; yet I protest, Mr. *Courtall*, I love
Him dearly, but cannot be altogether unsensible
Of your generous passion.

Court. Ay, Ay, I am a very passionate Lover! [*Aside.*
Indeed this escape has only given me leisure
To look upon my happiness.

La. Cock. Is my Woman retir'd ?

Court. Most dutifully, Madam.

La. Cock. Then let me tell you, Sir----yet we
May make very good use of it.

Court. Now am I going to be drawn in agen. [*Aside.*

La. Cock. If Sir *Oliver* be in that indecent condition
You speak of, to morrow he will be very submissive,
As it is meet for so great a misdemeanour ; then
Can I, feigning a desperate discontent, take
My own freedom without the least suspicion.

Court. This is very luckily and obligingly
Thought on, Madam.

La. Cock. Now if you will be pleas'd to
Make an assignation, Sir.

Court. To morrow about ten a clock in the
Lower walk of the *New Exchange*, out of which
We can quickly pop into my Coach.

La. Cock. But I am still so pester'd with my Woman,
I dare not go without her ; on my conscience
She's very sincere, but it is not good to trust our
Reputations too much to the frailty of a Servant.

Court. I will bring my Chariot, Madam,
That will hold but two.

La. Cock. O most ingeniously imagin'd, dear Sir ! for
By that means I shall have a just Excuse to give her
Leave to see a Relation, and bid her stay
There till I call her.

Court. It grieves me much to leave you so soon,
Madam ; but I shall comfort my self with the
Thoughts of the happiness you have made me hope for.

La. Cock. I wish it were in my power eternally
To oblige you, dear Sir.

Court.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir.

[*Exit Courtall.*]

Sentry----why *Sentry*----where are you ?

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Here, Madam.

La. Cock. What a strange thing is this ! will you
Never take warning, but still be leaving me alone
In these suspicious occasions ?

Sent. I was but in the next room, Madam.

La. Cock. What may Mr. *Courtall* think of my
Innocent intentions ? I protest if you serve me
So agen, I shall be strangely angry : you should
Have more regard to your Lady's Honour.

Sent. If I stay in the room, she will not speak
Kindly to me in a week after, and if I go out, she
Always chides me thus : this is a strange infirmity
~~She~~ has, but I must bear with it ; for on my
Conscience, custom has made it so natural,
She cannot help it.

La. Cock. Are my Cousins come home yet ?

Sent. Not yet, Madam.

La. Cock. Do'st thou know whither they went
This Evening ?

Sent. I heard them say they would go take
The Air, Madam.

La. Cock. Well, I see it is impossible with vertuous
Counsel to reclaim them ; truly they are so careless
Of their own, I could wish Sir *Joslin* would remove
'Em, for fear they should bring an unjust
Imputation on my Honour.

Sent. Heavens forbid, Madam !

{*Enter Ariana*
and Gatty.}

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Amb. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. How have you spent the cool of the
Evening ?

Gat. As the custom is, Madam, breathing the

Fresh Air in the Park and Mulberry-Garden.

La. Cock. Without the Company of a Relation,
Or some discreet body to justify your reputations
To the world---you are young, and may be yet
Insensible of it; but this is a strange censorious Age,
I assure you. [Noise of Musick without.]

Aria. Hark ! what Musick's this ?

Gat. I'll lay my life my Uncle's drunk, and hath
Pickt us up a couple of worthy Servants,
And brought them home with him in Triumph.

Enter the Musick playing, Sir Oliver strutting, and swaggering, Sir Jollin singing, and dancing with Mr. Courtall, and Mr. Freeman in each hand: Gatty and Ariana seeing Courtall and Freeman shreek and----

[*Exempt.*

Sir Jos. Hey-day ! I told you they were a couple of Skittish Fillies, but I never knew 'em boggle
At a man before ; I'll fetch 'em agen I warrant
You, Boys. [Exit after them.]

Free to Court. These are the very self-same Gowns
And Petticoats.

Court. Their surprize confirms us it must be them.

Free. 'Slife, we have betray'd our selves
Very pleasantly.

Court. Now am I undone to all intents and purposes,
For they will innocently discover all to my Lady,
And she will have no mercy.

Sir Oliv. Dan, Dan, Da ra, Dan, &c. [*Strutting.*
Avoid my prefence, the very sight of that face
Makes me more impotent then an Eunuch.

La, Cock. Dear Sir Oliver!

Offering to
embrace him.

Sir Oliv. Forbear your conjugal clippings,
I will have a Wench, thou shalt fetch me a
Wench, *Sentry.*

Sent. Can you be so inhumane to my dear Lady?

Sir Oliv. Peace, Envy, or I will have thee executed
For petty Treason; thy skin flay'd off, stuff'd and
Hung up in my Hall in the Country, as a
Terror to my whole Family.

Court. What Crime can deserve this horrid
Punishment?

Sir Oliv. I'll tell thee, *Ned*: 'twas my Fortune
T'other day to have an Intrigue with a Tinker's
Wife in the Country, and this malicious Slut
Betray'd the very Ditch where we us'd to
Make our affignations, to my Lady.

Free. She deserves your anger indeed, *Sir Oliver*:
But be not so unkind to your vertuous Lady.

Sir Oliv. Thou do'st not know her, *Franck*; I have
Had a design to break her heart ever since the
First month that I had her, and 'tis so tough,
That I have not yet crack'd one string on't.

Court. You are too unmerciful, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. Hang her, *Ned*, by wicked Policy she
Would usurp my Empire, and in her heart is a
Very *Pharaoh*; for every night she's a putting
Me upon making Brick without straw.

Court. I cannot see a vertuous Lady so afflicted,
Without offering her some consolation:
Dear Madam, is it not as I told you? [Aside to her.]

La. Cock. The Fates could not have been more
Propitious, and I shall not be wanting to the
Furthering of our mutual happiness.

[To Court. aside.]

*Enter Sir Jossin, with Ariana and Gatty in each
hand, dancing and singing.*

CATCH.

*This is sly and pretty,
And this is wild and witty;
If either stay'd
Till she dy'd a Maid,
If aith 'twould be great pity.*

Sir

Sir Jos. Here they are, Boys, i'faith, and now little *Joslin*'s a man of his word. Heuk! Sly-girl and Mad-cap, to 'em, to 'em, to 'em, Boys, Alou!

[*Flings 'em to Courtall and Freeman, who kiss their hands.*]

What's yonder, your Lady in tears, Brother *Cockwood*? Come, come, I'll make up all breaches.

He sings——— *And we'll all be merry and frolick.*
Fy, fy, though man and wife are seldom in good Humour alone, there are few want the discretion To dissemble it in Company.

[*Sir Joslin, Sir Oliver, and Lady stand talking together.*]

Free. I knew we should surprize you, Ladies.

Court. Faith I thought this Conjuring to be but A meer Jest till now, and could not believe the Astrological Rascal had been so skilful.

Free. How exactly he describ'd 'em, and how Punctual he was in his directions to apprehend 'em!

Gat. Then you have been with a Conjurer, Gentlemen.

Court. You cannot blame us, Ladies, the loss of Our hearts was so considerable, that it may well Excuse the indirect means we took to find out The pretty Thieves that stole 'em.

Aria. Did not I tell you what men of business These were, Sister?

Gat. I vow I innocently believ'd they had some Pre-engagement to a Scrivener or a Surgeon, And wish'd 'em so well, that I am sorry To find 'em so perfidious.

Free. Why, we have kept our Oaths, Ladies.

Aria. You are much beholding to Providence.

Gat. But we are more, Sister; for had we once Been deluded into an opinion they had been Faithful, who knows into what inconveniences That error might have drawn us?

Court. Why should you be so unreasonable, Ladies,

To expect that from us, we should scarce
Have hop'd for from you? fy, fy, the keeping
Of ones word is a thing below the honour
Of a Gentleman.

Free. A poor shift! fit only to uphold the
Reputation of a paultry Citizen.

Sir Jos. Come, come, all will be well agen,
I warrant you, Lady.

La. Cock. These are insupportable injuries, but I will
Bear 'em with an invincible patience, and to morrow
Make him dearly sensible how unworthy he has been.

Sir Jos. To morrow my Brother *Cockwood* will
Be another man----So, Boys, and how do you like
The flesh and blood of the Jollies----Heuk, Siy-
Girl----and Mad-cap, Hey----come, come, you have
Heard them exercise their tongues a while; now
You shall see them ply their feet a little: this is
A clean Limb'd wench, and has neither spavin,
Splinter, nor Wind-gall; tune her a Jig, and play't
Roundly, you shall see her bounce it away like a
Nimble Frigot before a fresh gale---Hey, methinks I
See her under Sail already.

[*Gat. dances a Jig.*]

Sir Jos. Hey my little Mad-cap---here's a Girl of
The true breed of the Jollies, i'faith---But hark you,
Hark you, a Consultation, Gentlemen---Bear up,
Brother *Cockwood*, a little: what think you,
If we pack these idle Huswives to bed now,
And retire into a room by our selves, and have
A merry Catch, and a Bottle or two of the
Best, and perfect the good work we have
So unanimously carry'd on to day?

Sir Oliv. A most admirable Intrigue---tan, dan,
Da, ra, dan; come, come, march to your several
Quarters: go, we have sent for a civil person or two,
And are resolv'd to fornicate in private.

La. Cock. This is a barbarous return of
All my kindness.

Free. } Your humble Servant, Madam.

Conr. } [Ex. La. Cock. and Sent.

Conr. Hark you ! hark you / Ladys do not harbour
Too ill an opinion of us, for faith, when you have
Had a little more experience of the world, you'll
Find we are no such abominable Rascals.

Gatty. We shall be so charitable to think no worse
Of you, than we do of all Mankind for your
Sakes, only that you are perjuri'd, perfidious,
Inconstant, ingrateful.

Free. Nay, nay, that's enough in all conscience Ladys,
And now you are sensible what a shameful thing
It is to break ones word, I hope you'll be more
Careful to keep yours to morrow.

Gatty. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid——

Conr. Nay, nay, it is too late for raillery, i' faith, Ladys.

Gatty. } Well, your Servant then.

Free. } Your Servant, Ladys.

Conr. }
Sir Oliv. Now the Enemy's march'd out——

Sir Jost. Then the Castle's our own Boys----Hey.

*And here and there I had her,
And every where I had her,
Her toy was such, that every touch
Would make a Lover madder.*

Free. } Hey brave Sir Jostin !

Conr. }

Sir Oliver. Ah my dear little witty Jostin, let me
Hug thee.

Sir Jostin. Strike up you obstreperous Rascals, and
March along before us.

[Exeunt Singing and Dancing.

The end of the Second Act.

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The New-Exchange.**Mrs. Trinckit sitting in a Shop, people passing by as in the Exchange.*

Mrs. Trinc. **W**Hat d'ye buy? what d'ye lack, Gentlemen?
Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences; Ribbons,
Gloves, and Essences?

Enter Mr. Courtall.

Mr. Courtall! I thought you had a quarrel
To the Change, and were resolv'd we should never
See you here again.

Cour. Your unkindness indeed, *Mrs. Trincket*, had
Been enough to make a man banish himself
For ever.

[Enter Mrs. Gazet.

Trinc. Look you, yonder comes fine *Mrs. Gazet*, thither
You intended your visit, I am sure.

Gaz. *Mr. Courtall!* your Servant.*Cour.* Your Servant, *Mrs. Gazet.*

Gaz. This happiness was only meant to
Mrs. Trinckit, had it not been my good Fortune
To pass by, by chance, I should have lost
My share on't.

Cour. This is too cruel, *Mrs. Gazet*, when all the
Unkindness is on your side, to callie your Servant
Thus.

Gaz. I vow this tedious absence of yours made
Me believe you intended to try an Experiment
On my poor heart, to discover that hidden secret,
How long a despairing Lover may languish
Without the sight of the party.

Cour.

Cour. You are always very pleasant on this Subject, *Mrs. Gazet.*

Gaz. And have not you reason to be so too ?

Cour. Not that I know of.

Gaz. Yes, you hear the good news.

Cour. What good news ?

Gaz. How well this dissembling becomes you !

But now I think better on't, it cannot
Concern you, you are more a Gentleman, than
To have an amour last longer than an *Easter*
Term with a Country Lady ; and yet there
Are some I see as well in the Country as in
The City, that have a pretty way of Huswifery
A Lover, and can spin an intrigue out a great
Deal farther, than others are willing to do.

Cour. What pretty art have they, good *Mrs. Gazet* ?

Gaz. When Tradesmen see themselves in an ill
Condition, and are afraid of breaking, can they do
Better than to take in a good substantial
Partner, to help to carry on their trading ?

Cour. Sure you have been at Riddle me, riddle me,
Lately, you are so wondrous witty.

Gaz. And yet I believe my Lady *Cockwood* is so
Haughty, she had rather give over the vanity of an
Intrigue, than take in a couple of young
Handsome Kinswomen to help to maintain it.

Cour. I knew it would out at last ; indeed it is the
Principle of most good women that love Gaming,
When they begin to grow a little out of play
Themselves, to make an interest in some
Young Gamester or other, in hopes to rook
A favour now and then : but you are quite out
In your policy, my Lady *Cockwood* is none of
These, I assure you —

Hark you, *Mrs. Gazet*, you must needs bestir
Yourself a little for me this morning, or else
Heaven have mercy on a poor sinner.

Gaz. I hope this wicked woman has no design

Upon your body already : alas ! I pity your
Tender conscience.

Conr. I have always made thee my Confident, and
Now I come to thee as to a faithful Councellour.

Gaz. State your Case.

Conr. Why, this ravenous Kite is upon wing already,
Is fetching a little compass, and will be
Here within this half hour to swoop me
Away.

Gaz. And you would have me your Scar-Crow ?

Conr. Something of that there is in't ; she is still
Your Customer.

Gaz. I have furnish'd her and the young Ladys with
A few fashionable toys since they came
To Town, to keep 'um in countenance at a
Play, or in the Park.

Conr. I would have thee go immediately to the
Young Ladies, and by some device or other
Intice 'em hither.

Gaz. I came just now from taking measure of 'em
For a couple of Handkerchiefs.

Conr. How unlucky's this !

Gaz. They were calling for their Hoods and Scarfs,
And are coming hither to lay out a little Money
In Ribbons and Essences : I have recommended
Them to Mrs. *Trinckits* Shop here.

Conr. This falls out more luckily than what I had
Contriv'd my self, or could have done ; for here
Will they be busie just before the Door, where
We have made our appointment : but if this
Long-wing'd Devil should chance to truss me
Before they come.

Gaz. I will only step up and give some directions
To my Maid, about a little business that is in
Haste, and come down again and watch her ; if you
Are snap'd, I'll be with you presently, and rescue
You I warrant you, or at least stay you 'till
More company come : she dares not force you

Away

Away in my fight ; she knows I am great with
 Sir *Oliver*, and as malicious a Devil as the best
 Of 'em---your Servant, Sir. [Ex. *Gazet*.

Enter Freeman.

Cour. Freeman ! 'tis well you are come.

Free. Well ! what Counter-plot ? what hopes of
 Dis-appointing the old, and of seeing the young
 Ladies ? I am ready to receive your Orders.

Cour. Faith, things are not so well contriv'd as I
 Could have wish'd 'em, and yet I hope by
 The help of Mrs. *Gazet* to keep my word,

Franck.

Free. Nay, now I know what tool thou hast made
 Choice of, I make no question but the bus'ness
 Will go well forward ; but I am afraid
 This last unlucky bus'ness has so distasted
 These young Trouts, they will not be so easily
 Tickl'd as they might have been.

Cour. Never fear it ; whatsoever women say, I am sure
 They seldom think the worse of a man, for
 Running at all, 'tis a sign of youth and high
 Mettal, and makes them rather piquee, who shall
 Tame him : that which troubles me most, is, we
 Lost the hopes of variety, and a single intrigue
 In Love is as dull as a single Plot in a Play,
 And will tire a Lover worse, than t'other does
 An Audience.

Free. We cannot be long without some under-plots
 In this Town, let this be our main design,
 And if we are any thing fortunate in our contrivance,
 We shall make it a pleasant Comedy.

Cour. Leave all things to me, and hope the best :
 Be gone, for I expect their coming immediately ;
 Walk a turn or two above, or fool a while
 With pretty Mrs. *Anvill*, and scent your Eye-brows
 And Perriwig with a little Essence of Oranges,

Or Jeſſimine ; and when you ſee us all together
At Mrs. *Gazet's* Shop, put in as it were by chance :
I proteſt yonder comes the old Haggard, to your
Poſt quickly : 'sdeath, where's *Gazet* and theſe
Young Ladies now ? [Ex. Free.

Enter Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.

O Madam, I have waited here at leaſt an hour, and
Time ſeems very tedious, when it delays ſo great
A happineſs as you bring with you.

La. Cock. I vow, Sir, I did but ſtay to give Sir *Oliver*
His due correction for thoſe unſeemly injuries
He did me laſt night. Is your Coach ready ?

Cour. Yes, Madam : but how will you diſpoſe of
Your Maid ?

La. Cock. My Maid ! for Heavens ſake, what do you
Mean, Sir ? do I ever uſe to go abroad without her ?

Cour. 'Tis upon no deſign, Madam, I ſpeak it, I
Aſſure you ; but my Glaſs-Coach broke laſt night,
And I was forc'd to bring my Chariot, which can hold
But two.

La. Cock. O Heaven ! you muſt excuſe me, dear Sir,
For I ſhall deny my ſelf the ſweeteſt recreations
In the world, rather than yield to any thing that
May bring a blemiſh upon my ſpotleſs Honour.

[Enter *Gazet*,

Gaz. Your humble Servant, Madam.
Your Servant, Mr. *Courtall*.

Lady. }
and } Your Servant, Mrs. *Gazet*.
Cour. }

Gaz. I am extream glad to ſee your Ladyſhip here,
I intended to ſend my Maid to your Lodgings
This Afternoon, Madam, to tell you I have a
Parcel of new Lace come in, the prettieſt Patterns
That ever were ſeen ; for I am very deſirous ſo
Good a Customer as your Ladyſhip ſhould ſee 'em
Fiſt, and have your choice.

La. Cock. I am much beholding to you, Mrs. *Gazet*,

I was newly come into the Exchange, and intended
To call at your Shop before I went home.

Enter Ariana and Gatty, Gazet goes to 'em.

Cour. 'Sdeath, here are your Cousins too ! now there
Is no hope left for a poor unfortunate
Lover to comfort himself withall.

La. Cock. Will Fate never be more propitious ?

Aria.

} Your Servant, Madam.

Gatty.

La. Cock. I am newly come into the Exchange, and
By chance met with Mr. *Courtall* here, who will needs
Give himself the trouble, to play the Gallant, and
Wait upon me.

Gatty. Does your Ladiship come to buy ?

La. Cock. A few trifles ; Mrs. *Gazet* says she has a
Parcel of very fine new Laces, shall we go look
Upon 'em ?

Aria. We will only fancy a suit of Knots or two
At this Shop, and buy a little Essence, and wait
Upon your Ladiship immediately.

Gatt. Mrs. *Gazet*, you are skill'd in the fashion, pray
Let our choice have your approbation.

*All go to the Shop to look upon Ware, but
Courtall and La. Cockwood.*

Gaz. Most gladly, Madam.

Cour. 'Sdeath, Madam, if you had made no Ceremony,
But stept into the Coach presently, we had escap'd this
Mischief.

La. Cock. My over-tenderness of my honour, has
Blasted all my hopes of happiness,

Cour. To be thus unluckily surpriz'd in the height
Of all our expectation, leaves me no patience.

La. Cock. Moderate your passion a little, Sir, I may
Yet find out a way.

Cour. Oh 'tis impossible, Madam, never think on't

Now you have been seen with me; to leave 'em upon
Any pretence will be so suspicious, that my concern
For your honour will make me so feverish and
Disordered, that I shall lose the taste of all the
Happiness you give me.

La. Coc. Methinks you are too scrupulous, heroick Sir.

Cour. Besides the concerns I have for you, Madam,
You know the obligations I have to Sir *Oliver*,
And what professions of friendship there are on
Both sides; and to be thought perfidious and ingrateful,
What an affliction would that be to a generous spirit!

La. Cock. Must we then unfortunately part thus?

Cour. Now I have better thought on't, that is not
Absolutely necessary neither.

La. Cock. These words revive my dying joys,
Dear Sir, go on.

Cour. I will by and by, when I see it most convenient,
Beg the favour of your Ladiship, and your
Young Kinswomen, to accept of a Treat and a
A Fiddle; you make some little difficulty at
First, but upon earnest perswasion comply, and
Use your interest to make the young Ladys
Do so too: your company will secure their
Reputations, and their company take off from
You all suspicion.

La. Cock. The natural inclination they have to be
Jigging, will make them very ready to comply:
But what advantage can this be to our
Happiness, dear Sir?

Cour. Why, first, Madam, if the young Ladies, or
Mrs. *Gazet*, have any doubts upon their surprizing
Us together, our joining company will clear 'em
All; next, we shall have some satisfaction
In being an afternoon together, though we enjoy
Not that full freedom we so passionately
Desire.

La. Cock. Very good, Sir.

Cour. But then lastly, Madam, we gain an opportunity

To contrive another appointment to morrow,
Which may restore us unto all those joys
We have been so unfortunately disappointed
Of to day.

La. Cock. This is a very prevailing Argument
Indeed ; but since Sir *Oliver* believes I have
Conceiv'd so desperate a sorrow, 'tis fit we
Should keep this from his knowledge.

Court. Are the young Ladies secret ?

La. Cock. They have the good Principles not
To betray themselves, I assure you.

Court. Then 'tis but going to a house that is
Not haunted by the Company, and we are secure,
And now I think on't, the Bear in *Drury-lane* is
The fittest place for our purpose.

La. Cock. I know your Honour, dear Sir, and
Submit to your discretion——
Have you gratifi'd your Fancies, Cousins?

[To them *Ariana*, *Gatty*, and
Gazet from the Shop.

Aria. We are ready to wait upon you, Madam.

Gat. I never saw colours better mingled.

Gaz. How lively they set off one another, and
How they adde to the complexion !

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall*, your most humble Servant.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me have the Honour
To wait upon you and these young Ladies,
Till I see you in your Coach.

La. Cock. Your friendship to Sir *Oliver* would
Engage you in an unnecessary trouble.

Aria. Let not an idle Ceremony take you from
Your serious bus'ness, good Sir.

Gat. I should rather have expected to have seen
You, Sir, walking in *Westminster-Hall*, watching
To make a Match at Tennis, or waiting to
Dine with a Parliament-man, then to meet
You in such an idle place as the Exchange is.

Court. Methinks, Ladies, you are well

Acquainted.

Acquainted with me upon the first Visit.

Aria. We received your Character before, you Know, Sir, in the Mulberry-Garden upon Oath.

Court. aside. 'Sdeath, what shall I do ?
Now out comes all my Roguery.

Gat. Yet I am apt to believe, Sister, that was Some malicious Fellow that wilfully perjur'd Himself, on purpose to make us have an Ill opinion of this worthy Gentleman.

Court. Some rash men would be apt enough To enquire him out, and cut his throat, Ladies, But I heartily forgive him whosoever he was ; For on my conscience 'twas not so much out Of malice to me, as out of love to you he did it.

Gaz. He might imagine Mr. *Courtall* was his Rival.

Court. Very likely, Mrs. *Gazet*.

La. Cock. Whosoever he was, he was an unworthy Fellow I warrant him ; Mr. *Courtall* is known To be a Person of Worth and Honour.

Aria. We took him for an idle Fellow, Madam, And gave but very little credit to what he said.

Court. 'Twas very obliging, Lady, to believe Nothing to the disadvantage of a stranger—— What a couple of young Devils are these ?

La. Cock. Since you are willing to give Your self this trouble.

Court. I ought to do my Duty, Madam.

[*Exeunt all but Ariana and Gatty.*]

Aria. How he blush'd, and hung down his head !

Gat. A little more had put him as much out Of countenance, as a Country Clown is When he ventures to complement His Attourney's Daughter.

[*They follow.*]

SCENE

SCENE.

*Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.**Enter Sir Joslin and Servant severally.*

Sir Jos. How now old Boy ! where's my
 Brother *Cockwood* to day ?

Serv. He desires to be in private, Sir.

Sir Jos. Why ? what's the matter, man ?

Serv. This is a day of Humiliation, Sir,
 With him for last nights transgression.

Sir Jos. I have business of consequence to impart
 To him, and must and will speak with him----
 So, ho ! Brother *Cockwood* !

Sir Oliver without. Who's that, my Brother *Jolly* ?

Sir Jos. The same, the same, come away, Boy.

Sir Oliver without. For some secret reasons
 I desire to be in private, Brother.

Sir Jos. I have such a design on foot as would
 Draw *Diogenes* out of his Tub to follow it ;
 Therefore I say, come away, come away.

Sir Oliver entering in a Night-Gown and Slippers. } There is such a strange
 } Temptation in thy voice,
 } Never stir.

Sir Jos. What in thy Gown and Slippers yet ! why,
 Brother, I have bespoke Dinner, and engag'd
 Mr. *Rake-bell*, the little smart Gentleman I have
 Often promis'd thee to make thee acquainted
 Withal, to bring a whole Bevy of Damsels
 In Sky, and Pink, and Flame-colour'd Taffeta's.
 Come, come, dress thee quickly, there's to be
 Madam *Rampant*, a Girl that shines, and will drink
 At such a rate, she's a Mistress for *Alexander*, were
 He alive agen.

Sir Oliv. How unluckily this falls out ! *Thomas*,
 What Cloaths have I to put on ?

Serv.

serv. None but your Penitential Suit,
Sir, all the rest are secur'd.

Sir Oliv. Oh unspeakable misfortune ! that I
Should be in disgrace with my Lady now !

Sir Jos. Come, come, never talk of Cloaths,
Put on any thing, thou hast a person and a
Mine will bear it out bravely.

Sir Oliv. Nay, I know my behaviour will show
I am a Gentleman ; but yet the Ladies
Will look scurvily upon me, Brother.

Sir Jos. That's a Jest i' faith ! he that has *Terra firma*
In the Country, may appear in any thing before 'em.

*For he that would have a Wench kind,
Ne're smugs up himself like a Ninny ;
But plainly tells her his mind,
And tickles her first with a Guinny.*

Hay Boy——

Sir Oliv. I vow thou hast such a bewitching
Way with thee !

Sir Jos. How lovely will the Ladies look when
They have a Beer-glass in their hands !

Sir Oliv. I now have a huge mind to venture ;
But if this should come to my Lady's knowledge.

Sir Jos. I have bespoke Dinner at the Bear, the
Privat'st place in Town : there will be
No Spies to betray us, if *Thomas* be but secret,
I dare warrant thee, Brother *Cockwood*.

Sir Oliv. I have always found *Thomas* very
Faithful ; but faith 'tis too unkind, considering
How tenderly my Lady loves me.

Sir Jos. Fy, fy, a man, and kept so much under
Correction by a Busk and a Fan !

Sir Oliv. Nay, I am in my Nature as valiant
As any man, when once I set out ; but i' faith I
Cannot but think how my dear Lady will be
Concern'd when she comes home and misses me.

Sir Jos. A Pox upon these Qualms.

Sir Oliv. Well, thou hast seduc'd me ;
But I shall look so untowardly.

Sir Jos. Again art thou at it ? in, in, and make
All the haste that may be, *Rake-hell* and the
Ladies will be there before us else.

Sir Oliv. Well, thou art an errant Devil---hey---
For the Lady's, Brother *Jolly*.

Sir Jos. Hey for the Lady's, Brother *Cockwood*.
[Exit singing — For he that won'd, &c.]

SCENE III. *The Bear.*

Without. Ho *Francis, Humphry*, show a Room there!

Enter Court. Free. *Lady Cockwood, Aria.*

Gatty and Sentry.

Court. Pray, Madam, be not so full of apprehension;
There is no fear that this should come to
Sir Oliver's knowledge.

La. Cock. I were ruin'd if it shou'd, Sir ! Dear, how
I tremble ! I never was in one of these houses before.

Sent. This is a Bait for the young Ladies to [Aside.
Swallow ; she has been in most of the Eating-
Houses about Town, to my knowledge.

Court. Oh *Francis* !

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Your Worship's welcome, Sir ; but I
Must needs desire you to walk into the next
Room, for this is bespoken.

La. Cock. Mr *Courtall*, did not you say, this
Place was private ?

Court. I warrant you, Madam. What
Company dines here, *Francis* ?

Wait. A couple of Country Knights, Sir *Joslin*
Jolly and Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, very honest Gentlemen.

La. Cock. Combination to undo me !

Court. Peace, Madam, or you'll betray
Your self to the Waiter.

La. Cock. I am distracted ! *Sentry*, did not I
Command thee to secure all Sir *Oliver*'s Cloaths,
And leave nothing for him to put on, but his
Penitential Suit, that I might be sure he
Could not stir abroad to day ?

Sent. I obey'd you in every thing, Madam ; but I
Have often told you this Sir *Joslin* is a wicked Seducer.

Aria. If my Uncle sees us, Sister, what
Will he think of us ?

Gat. We come but to wait upon her Ladiship.

Free. You need not fear, you Chickens are
Secure under the wings of that old Hen.

Court. Is there to be no body, *Francis*,
But Sir *Oliver* and Sir *Joslin* ?

Wait. Faith, Sir, I was enjoyn'd secrecy ; but
You have an absolute power over me: coming
Lately out of the Country, where there is but
Little variety, they have a design to solace
Themselves with a fresh Girl or two, as I
Understand the business. [Exit Waiter.

La. Cock. Oh *Sentry* ! Sir *Oliver* disloyal !
My misfortunes come too thick upon me.

Court aside. Now is she afraid of being
Disappointed on all hands.

La. Cock. I know not what to do, Mr. *Courtall*,
I would not be surpriz'd here my self, and yet
I would prevent Sir *Oliver* from prosecuting
His wicked and perfidious intentions.

Aria. Now shall we have admirable sport,
What with her fear and jealousy.

Gat. I lay my life she routs the Wenches.

[Enter Waiter.

Wait. I must needs desire you to step into the next
Room; Sir *Joslin* and Sir *Oliver* are below already.

La. Cock. I have not power to move a foot.

Free. We will consider what is to be done
Within, Madam.

Court. Pray, Madam, come ; I have a

Design in my head which shall secure you, surprize
Sir Oliver, and free you from all your fears.

La. Cock. It cannot be, Sir.

Court. Never fear it : *Francis*, you may own
Mr. Freeman and I are in the house, if they ask for us ;
 But not a word of these Ladies, as you tender
 The wearing of your Ears. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Sir Joslin, Sir Oliver, and Waiter.

Sir Jos. Come, Brother *Cockwood*, prithee be brisk.

Sir Oliv. I shall disgrace my self for ever, Brother.

Sir Jos. Pox upon care, never droop like a Cock
 In moulting time ; thou art Spark enough in all
 Conscience.

Sir Oliv. But my heart begins to fail me
 When I think of my Lady.

Sir Jos. What, more Qualms yet ?

Sir Oliv. Well, I will be couragious : but it is not
 Necessary these Strangers should know this is
 My Penitential Suit, Brother.

Sir Jos. They shall not, they shall not. Hark
 You old Boy, is the meat provided ? is the Wine
 And Ice come ? and are the melodious Rascals
 At hand I spoke for ?

Wait. Every thing will be in a readiness, Sir.

Sir Jos. If Mr. *Rake-hell*, with a Coach full or two
 Of Vizard-masks and silk Petticoats, call at the
 Door, usher 'em up to the place of execution.

Wait. You shall be obey'd, Sir. [*Exit Waiter*.

Enter Rake-hell.

Sir Jos. Ho, here's my little *Rake-hell* come !
 Brother *Cockwood*, let me commend this ingenious
 Gentleman to your acquaintance ; he is a Knight
 Of the Industry, has many admirable qualities,
 I assure you.

Sir Oliv. I am very glad, Sir, of this opportunity
 To know you.

Rake. I am happy, Sir, if you esteem me your
Servant. Hark you, Sir *Joslin*, is this Sir
Oliver Cockwood in earnest?

Sir Jos. In very good earnest I assure you; he is
A little fantastical now and then, and dresses
Himself up in an odd fashion: but that's all one
Among Friends, my little *Rake-bell*.

Sir Oliv. Where are the Damsels you talk'd of,
Brother *Jolly*? I hope Mr. *Rake-bell* has not forgot 'em.

Rake. They are arming for the ran-counter.

Sir Jos. What, tricking and trimming?

Rake. Even so, and will be here immediately.

Sir Oliv. They need not make themselves so
Full of Temptation; my Brother *Jolly* and I can
Be wicked enough without it.

Sir Jos. The truth is, my little *Rake-bell*, we are
Both mighty men at Arms, and thou shalt see us
Charge anon to the terrour of the Ladies.

Rake. Methinks that Dress Sir *Oliver* is a little
Too rustical for a man of your capacity.

Sir Oliv. I have an odd humour, Sir, now and
Then; but I have wherewithal at home to
Be as spruce as any man,

Rake. Your Perriwig is too scandalous, Sir.
Oliver, your black Cap and Border is never
Wore but by a Fidler or a Waiter.

Sir Jos. Prithee, my little *Rake-bell*, do not put my
Brother *Cockwood* out of conceit of himself;
Methinks your Calot is a pretty Ornament, and
Makes a man look both Polite and Politick.

Rake. I will allow you, 'tis a grave ware, and fit
For men of bus'ness, that are every moment bending
Of their brows, and scratching of their heads, every
Project would claw out another Perriwig; but a
Lover had better appear before his Mistress with a
Bald Pate: 'twill make the Ladies apprehend a savour,
Stop their Noses, and avoid you: 'Slife, Love in a
Cap is more ridiculous then Love in a Tub, or Love
In a Pipkin.

Sir Oliv. I must confess your whole head is
Now in fashion; but there was a time when
Your Calot was not so despicable.

Rake. Here's a Perruque, Sir.

Sir Oliv. A very good one.

Rake. A very good one? 'tis the best in *England*.

Pray, Sir *Joslin*, take him in your hand, and draw
A Comb through him, there is not such
Another Frizz in *Europe*.

Sir Jos. 'Tis a very fine one indeed.

Rake. Pray, Sir *Oliver*, do me the favour to
Grace it on your head a little.

Sir Oliv. To oblige you, Sir.

Rake. You never wore any thing became you half
So well in all your life before.

Sir Jos. Why, you never saw him in your life before.

Rake. That's all one, Sir, I know 'tis impossible.
Here's a Beaver, Sir *Oliver*, feel him; for fineness,
Substance, and for fashion, the Court of *France*
Never saw a better; I have bred him but a
Fortnight, and have him at command already.
Clap him on boldly, never Hat took the fore-
Cock and the hind-cock at one motion so naturally.

Sir Oliv. I think you have a mind to make a
Spark of me before I see the Ladies.

Rake. Now you have the meen of a true Cavalier,
And with one look may make a Lady kind, and
A Hector humble: and since I nam'd a Hector,
Here's a Sword, Sir: Sa, sa, sa, try him, Sir *Joslin*,
Put him to't, cut through the staple, run him
Through the door, beat him to the Hilt, if he
Breaks, you shall have liberty to break my Pate,
And pay me never a Groat of the ten for't.

Sir Jos. 'Tis a very pretty Weapon indeed, Sir.

Rake. The Hilt is true French-wrought, and
Doree by the best Workman in *France*. This Sword
And this Castor, with an embroider'd Button and
Loop, which I have to vary him upon occasion,
Were sent me out of *France* for a Token by my elder Brother;

Brother, that went over with a handſom Equipage,
To take the pleaſure of this Champagne.

Sir Oliv. Have you a mind to ſell theſe things, Sir?

Rake. That is below a Gentleman; yet if a perſon
Of Honour or a particular friend, ſuch as I eſteem
You, *Sir Oliver*, take at any time a fancy to a Band,
A Cravat, a Velvet Coat, a Veſt, a Ring, a Flajolet,
Or any other little Toy I have about me, I am
Good-natur'd, and may be eaſily perſwaded
To play the Fool upon good terms.

Enter Freeman.

Sir Joſ. Worthy Mr. *Freeman*!

Sir Oliv. Honelt *Frank*, how cam'ſt thou to
Find us out, man?

Free. By meer chance, Sir; *Ned Courtall* is without
Writing a Letter, and I came in to know whether
You had any particular engagements, Gentlemen.

Sir Oliv. We reſolv'd to be in private; but
You are men without exception.

Free. Methinks you intended to be in private
Indeed, *Sir Oliver*. 'Sdeath, what diſguiſe have
You got on? are you grown grave ſince laſt
Night, and come to ſin *incognito*?

Sir Oliv. Hark you in your Ear, *Frank*, this is
My habit of humiliation, which I always put on
The next day after I have tranſgreſſed, the better
To make my pacification with my incens'd Lady----

Free. Ha, ha, ha——

Rake. Mr. *Freeman*, your moſt humble Servant, Sir.

Free. Oh my little dapper Officer! are you here?

Sir Joſ. Ha, Mr. *Freeman*, we have beſpoke all the
Jovial Entertainment that a merry Wag can wiſh
For, good Meat, good Wine, and a wholeſom
Wench or two; for the digeſtion, we ſhall have
Madam *Rampant*, the glory of the Town, the
Brighteſt ſhe that ſhines, or elſe my little *Rake-hell*
Is not a man of his word, Sir.

Rake. I warrant you ſhe comes, *Sir Joſlin*.

Sir

Sir Joslin sings.

*And if she comes, she shall not scape,
If twenty pounds will win her;
Her very Eye commits a Rape,
'Tis such a tempting sinner.*

Enter Courtal.

Court. Well said, *Sir Joslin*, I see you hold up still,
And bate not an Ace of your good humour.

Sir Jos. Noble Mr. *Courtall*!

Court. Bless me, *Sir Oliver*, what are you going
To act a Droll? how the people would throng
About you, if you were but mounted on a
Few Deal-boards in *Covent-Garden* now!

Sir Oliv. Hark you, *Ned*, this is the Badge of my
Lady's indignation for my last night's offence; do
Not insult over a poor sober man in affliction.

Court. Come, come, send home for your Cloaths;
I hear you are to have Ladies, and you are not
To learn at these years, how absolutely necessary
A rich Vest and a Perruque are to a man that aims
At their favours.

Sir Oliv. A Pox on't, *Ned*, my Lady's gone abroad
In a damn'd jealous melancholy humour, and
Has commanded her Woman to secure 'em.

Court. Under Lock and Key?

Sir Oliv. Ay, Ay, man, 'tis usual in these cases, out
Of pure Love in hopes to reclaim me, and to
Keep me from doing my self an injury
By drinking two days together.

Court. What a loving Lady 'tis!

Sir Oliv. There are Sots that would think themselves
Happy in such a Lady, *Ned*; but to a true bred
Gentleman all lawful solace is abomination.

Rake. Mr. *Courtall*, your most humble Servant, Sir.

Court. Oh! my little Knight of the Industry, I am
Glad to see you in such good Company.

Free.

Free. Courtall, hark you, are the Masking-habits
Which you sent to borrow at the Play-house come yet?

Court. Yes, and the Ladies are almost dress'd :
This design will adde much to our mirth, and give
Us the benefit of their Meat, Wine, and Musick
For our Entertainment.

Free. 'Twas luckily thought of.

Sir Oliv. Hark, the Musick comes. [*Musick.*

Sir Josf. Hey, Boys---let 'em enter, let 'em enter.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An't please your Worships, there is a Mask
Of Ladies without, that desire to have the
Freedom to come in and dance.

Sir Josf. Hey ! Boys—— [*Rake-hell?*

Sir Oliv. Did you bid 'em come 'en Masquerade, Mr.

Rake. No ; but *Rampant* is a mad Wench, she
Was half a dozen times a mumming in private
Company last *Shrove-tide*, and I lay my life she has
Put 'em all upon this Frolick.

Court. They are mettled Girls, I warrant them,
Sir Joslin, let 'em be what they will.

Sir Josf. Let 'em enter, let 'em enter, ha Boys——

*Enter Musick and the Ladies in an Antick, and then
they take out, my Lady Cockwood Sir Oliver, the young
Ladies Courtall and Freeman, and Sentry Sir Joslin,
and dance a set Dance.*

Sir Oliv. Oh my little Rogue ! have I got thee ?
How I will turn and winde, and segue thy body !

Sir Josf. Mettle on all sides, mettle on all sides,
T'faith ; how swimmingly would this pretty little
Ambling Filly carry a man of my body !

Sings.

*She's so bowny and brisk,
How she'd carvet and frisk,
If a man were once mounted upon her!
Let me have but a leap
Where 'tis wholesom and cheap,
And a fig for your Person of Honour.*

Sir Oliv. 'Tis true, little *Joslin*, i' faith.

Court. They have warm'd us, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. Now am I as rampant as a Lyon, *Ned*,
And could love as vigorously as a Sea-man that
Is newly landed after an *East-India* Voyage.

Court. Take my advice, *Sir Oliver*, do not in your
Rage deprive your self of your only hope
Of an accommodation with your Lady.

Sir Oliv. I had rather have a perpetual civil War,
Then purchase Peace at such a dishonourable rate.
A poor Fidler, after he has been three days persecuted
At a Country-wedding, takes more delight in seraping
Upon his old squeeking Fiddle, then I do in fumbling
On that domestick Instrument of mine.

Court. Be not so bitter, *Sir Oliver*, on your
Own dear Lady.

Sir Oliv. I was married to her when I was young,
Ned, with a design to be baulk'd, as they tye Whelps
To the Bell-weather; where I have been so butted,
'Twere enough to fright me, were I not pure
Mettle, from ever running at sheep again.

Court. That's no sure rule, *Sir Oliver*; for a
Wife's a dish, of which if a man once surfeit, he shall
Have a better stomach to all others ever after.

Sir Oliv. What a shape is here, *Ned*! so exact and
Tempting, 'twould perswade a man to be an
Implicite sinner, and take her face upon credit.

Sir Jos. Come, Brother *Cockwood*, let us get 'em
To lay aside these masking Fopperies, and then
We'll segue 'em in earnest: give us a Bottle, Waiter.

Free. Not before Dinner, good *Sir Joslin* —

Sir Oliv. Lady, though I have out of Drollery
Put my self into this contemptible Dress at present,
I am a Gentleman, and a man of Courage, as you
Shall find anon by my brisk behaviour.

Rake. *Sir Joslin*! *Sir Oliver*! these are none of our
Ladies, they are just come to the door in a Coach, and
Have sent for me down to wait upon 'em up to you.

Sir Jos. Hey---Boys, more Game, more Game!
Fetch 'em up, fetch 'em up.

Sir Oliv. Why, what a day of Sport will here be,
Ned?

[Exit Rake-hell.

Sir Jos. They shall all have fair Play, Boys.

Sir Oliv. And we will match our selves, and make
A Prize on't, *Ned Courtall* and I, against *Frank
Freeman* and you *Brother Jolly*, and *Rake-hell*
Shall be Judge for Gloves and silk Stockings, to be
Bestow'd as the Conquerour shall fancy.

Sir Jos. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Court. Free. A match, a match.

Sir Oliv. Hey, Boys!

{ Lady Cockwood
 { counterfeits a fit.

Sentry pulling } Oh Heavens ! my dear Lady!
off her Mask. } Help, help !

Sir Oliv. What's here? *Sentry* and my Lady!
'Sdeath, what a condition am I in now, Brother *Jolly*!
You have brought me into this *Premunire*: for
Heavens sake run down quickly, and fend the Rogue
And Whores away. Help, help! oh help! dear
Madam, sweet Lady!

[*Ex. Sir Joslin, Sir Oliver kneels down by her.*]

Sent. Oh she's gone, she's gone!

Free. Give her more Air.

Court. Fetch a glass of cold Water, *Freeman*.

sir Oliv. Dear Madam speak, sweet Madam speak.

Sent. Out upon thee for a vile Hypocrite! thou Art the wicked Author of all this; who but such a Reprobate, such an obdurate sinner as thou art, Could go about to abuse so sweet a Lady?

sir Oliv. Dear *Sentry*, do not stab me with thy words,
But stab me with thy Bodkin rather, that I may here
Dye a Sacrifice at her feet, for all my disloyal actions:

Sent. No, live, live, to be a reproach and a shame
To all rebellious Husbands; ah, that she had but

My Heart ! but thou hast bewitch'd her affections ;
Thou shouldst then dearly smart for this abominable
Treason.

Gat. So, now she begins to come to her self.

Aria. Set her more upright, and bend her a little
Forward.

La. Cock. Unfortunate Woman ! let me go,
Why do you hold me ? wou'd I had a Dagger at
My Heart, to punish it for loving that ungrateful man.

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, were I but worthy
Of your pity and belief.

La. Cock. Peace, peace, perfidious man, I am too
Tame and foolish----were I every day at the Plays,
The Park, and Mulberry-Garden, with a kind look
Secretly to indulge the unlawful passion of some
Young Gallant ; or did I associate my self with the
Gaming Madams, and were every afternoon at my
Lady *Briefes* and my Lady *Meanwells* at *Umbre* and
Quebas, pretending ill luck to borrow money of a
Friend, and then pretending good luck to excuse the
Plenty to a Husband, my suspicious demeanour had
Deserv'd this ; but I who out of a scrupulous
Tenderness to my Honour, and to comply with thy
Base Jealousie, have deny'd my self all those blameless
Recreations, which a vertuous Lady might enjoy,
To be thus inhumanely revil'd in my own person, and
Thus unreasonably rob'd and abus'd in thine too !

Court. Sure she will take up anon, or crack
Her mind, or else the Devil's in't.

La. Cock. Do not stay and torment me with thy
Sight ; go, graceless Wretch, follow thy treacherous
Retolutions, do, and waste that poor stock of comfort
Which I should have at home, upon those your ravenous
Cormorants below : I feel my passion begin to
Swell again.

[*She has a little fit agen.*]

Court. Now will she get an absolute dominion over
Him, and all this will be my Plague in the end.

*Sir Oliv. run- } Ned Courtall, Frank Freeman, Cousin
ning up and down. } Ariana, and dear Cousin Gatty, for
Heavens sake joyn all, and moderate her passion---
Ah Sentry! forbear thy unjust reproaches, take pity
On thy Master / thou hast a great influence over her,
And I have always been mindful of thy favours.*

Sent. You do not deserve the least compassion,
Nor wou'd I speak a good word for you, but that
I know for all this, 'twill be acceptable to my poor
Lady. Dear Madam, do but look up a little, Sir
Oliver lyes at your feet an humble Penitent.

Aria. How bitterly he weeps! how sadly he sighs!

Gat. I dare say he counterfeited his sin, and is
Real in his Repentance.

Court. Compose your self a little, pray, Madam;
All this was meer Raillery, a way of talk, which
Sir Oliver being well bred, has learned among
The gay people of the Town.

Free. If you did but know, Madam, what an odious
Thing it is to be thought to love a Wife in good
Company, you wou'd easily forgive him.

La. Cock. No, no, 'twas the mild correction which
I gave him for his insolent behaviour last night, that
Has encourag'd him agen thus to insult over my
Affections.

Court. Come, come, *Sir Oliver*, out with your
Bosom-secret, and clear all things to your Lady;
Is it not as we have said?

Sir Oliv. Or may I never have the happiness to be
In her good grace agen; and as for the Harlots,
Dear Madam, here is *Ned Courtall* and *Frank Freeman*,
That have often seen me in company of the
Wicked; let 'em speak, if they ever knew me tempted
To a disloyal action in their lives.

Court. On my conscience, Madam, I may more
Safely swear, that *Sir Oliver* has been constant to
Your Ladiship, then that a Girl of twelve years old
Has her Maiden-head this warm and ripening Age.

Enter

Enter Sir Jossin.

Sir Oliv. Here's my Brother *Jolly* too can witness
The loyalty of my Heart, and that I did not intend
Any treasonable practice against your Ladiship
In the least.

Sir Josf. Unless feguing 'em with a Beer-glass be
Included in the Statute. Come, Mr. *Courtall*, to
Satisfie my Lady, and put her in a little good humour,
Let us sing the Catch I taught you yesterday, that was
Made by a Country Vicar on my Brother *Cockwood*.
And me.

They sing.

*Love and Wenching are Toys,
Fit to please heedless Boys,
Th'are sports we hate worse then a Leagner;
When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we kiss,
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.*

Sir Josf. Come, come, Madam, let all things be
Forgot; Dinner is ready, the Cloath is laid in the
Next Room, let us in and be merry; there was no
Harm meant as I am true little *Jossin*.

La. Cock. Sir *Oliver* knows I can't be angry with
Him, though he plays the naughty man thus; but
Why, my Dear, wou'd y' expose your self in this
Ridiculous habit, to the censure of both our Honours?

Sir Oliv. Indeed I was to blame to be over-
Perswaded; I intended dutifully to retire into the
Pantry, and there civilly to divert my self at Back-
Gammon with the Butler.

Sir Josf. Faith, I must ev'n owne, the fault was
Mine, I intic'd him hither, Lady.

Sir Oliv. How the Devil, *Ned*, came they to find
Us out here!

Court. No Blood-hound draws so sure as a jealous Woman.

Sir Oliv. I am afraid *Thomas* has been unfaithful:
Præhee, *Ned*, speak to my Lady, that there may be

A perfect

A perfect understanding between us, and that *Sentry*
May be sent home for my Cloaths, that I may no
Longer wear the marks of her displeasure.

Court. Let me alone, *Sir Oliver*.

[*He goes to my Lady Cockwood.*

How do you find your self, Madam, after
This violent Passion?

La. Cock. This has been a lucky adventure,
Mr. Courtall; now am I absolute Mistress of
My own conduct for a time.

Court. Then shall I be a happy man, Madam: I
Knew this wou'd be the consequence of all, and
Yet could not I forbear the project.

Sir Oliv. How didst thou shuffle away *Rake-bell*
And the Lady's Brother? [To *Sir Joslin*.

Sir Jos. I have appointed 'em to meet us at six a
Clock at the new Spring-Garden.

Sir Oliv. Then will we yet, in spite of the Stars
That have cross'd us, be in Conjunction with
Madam *Rampant*, Brother.

Court. Come, Gentlemen, Dinner is on the Table.

Sir Jos. Ha! Sly-girl and Mad-cap, I'll enter
You, i' faith; since you have found the way
To the Bear, I'll fegue you.

Sings.

*When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we kiss;
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.*

[*Exeunt singing.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Dining-Room.**Enter Lady Cockwood.*

La. Cock. A Lady cannot be too jealous of her Servants
 Love, this faithless and inconstant Age:
 His amorous Carriage to that prating Girl to day,
 Though he pretends it was to blind Sir *Oliver*,
 I fear will prove a certain sign of his revolted
 Heart; the Letters I have counterfeited in these Girls
 Name will clear all; if he accept of that appointment,
 And refuses mine, I need not any longer doubt.

Enter Sentry.

Sentry, have the Letters
 And message been deliver'd, as I directed?

Sent. Punctually, Madam; I knew they were to be
 Found at the latter end of a Play, I sent a Porter
 First with the Letter to Mr. *Courtall*, who
 Was at the Kings-house, he sent for him out
 By the Door-keeper, and deliver'd it into
 His own hands.

La. Cock. Did you keep on your Vizard, that
 The Fellow might not know how to describe you?

Sent. I did, Madam.

La. Cock. And how did he receive it?

Sent. Like a Traytor to all goodness, with
 All the signs of Joy imaginable.

La. Cock. Be not angry, *Sentry*, 'tis as my heart
 Wisht it: what did you do with the Letter to
 Mr. *Freeman*? for I thought fit to deceive 'em both,
 To make my Policy less suspicious to *Courtall*.

Sent.

Sent. The Porter found him at the Dukes-house,
Madam, and deliver'd it with like care.

La. Cock. Very well.

Sent. After the Letters were deliver'd, Madam,
I went my self to the Play-house, and seat in
For Mr. *Courtall*, who came out to me immediately ;
I told him your Ladiship presented your humble
Service to him, and that Sir *Oliver* was going
Into the City with Sir *Joslin*, to visit his Brother
Cockwood, and that it wou'd add much more
To your Ladiships happiness, if he wou'd be pleas'd
To meet you in *Graves-Inn*-walks this lovely evening.

La. Cock. And how did he entertain the motion ?

Sent. Bless me ! I tremble still to think upon it !
I cou'd not have imagin'd he had been so wicked ;
He counterfeited the greatest passion, rail'd at
His Fate, and swore a thousand horrid Oaths,
That since he came into the Play-house he had
Notice of a business that concerned both his
Honour and Fortune ; and that he was an undone
Man, if he did not go about it presently ;
Pray'd me to desire your Ladiship to excuse
Him this Evening, and that to morrow he wou'd
Be wholly at your devotion.

La. Cock. Ha, ha, ha ! he little thinks how
Much he has oblig'd me.

Sent. I had much ado to forbear upbraiding
Him with his ingratitude to your Ladiship.

La. Cock. Poor *Sentry* ! be not concern'd for
Me, I have conquer'd my affection, and thou
Shalt find it is not Jealousie has been my Councillour
In this. Go, let our Hoods and Masks be ready,
That I may surprize *Courtall*, and make the
Best advantage of this lucky opportunity.

Sent. I obey you, Madam. [Exit Sentry.]

La. Cock. How am I fill'd with indignation !
To find my person and my passion both despis'd,
And what is more, so much precious time

Fool'd

Fool'd away in fruitless expectation : I wou'd
Poyson my face, so I might be reveng'd on
This ingrateful Villain.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. My Dearest!

La. Cock. My Dearest Dear ! prithee do
Not go into the City to night.

Sir Oliv. My Brother *Jolly* is gone before,
And I am to call him at Councellour *Trott's*
Chamber in the *Temple*.

La. Cock. Well, if you did but know the fear
I have upon me when you are absent, you would
Not seek occasions to be from me thus.

Sir Oliv. Let me comfort thee with a kiss ;
What should'st thou be afraid of ?

La. Cock. I cannot but believe that every Woman
That sees thee must be in love with thee, as I am ;
Do not blame my Jealousie.

Sir Oliv. I protest I wou'd refuse a Countess
Rather than abuse thee, poor Heart.

La. Cock. And then you are so desperate upon
The least occasion, I shou'd have acquainted
You else with something that concerns your Honour.

Sir Oliv. My Honour! you ought in Duty to do it.

La. Cock. Nay, I knew how passionate you wou'd
Be presently ; therefore you shall never know it.

Sir Oliv. Do not leave me in doubt, I shall
Suspect every one I look upon ; I will kill a
Common Council-man or two before I come
Back, if you do not tell me.

La. Cock. Dear, how I tremble ! will you
Promise me you will not quarrel then ? if you tender
My life and happiness, I am sure you will not.

Sir Oliv. I will bear any thing rather than be
An Enemy to thy quiet, my Dear.

La. Cock. I cou'd wish Mr. *Courtall* a man of better
Principles, because I know you love him, my Dear.

Sir Oliv. Why, what has he done ?

La. Cock. I always treated him with great respects,
Out of my regard to your friendship ; but he, like
An impudent man as he is, to day misconstruing
My Civility, in most unseemly language,
Made a foul attempt upon my Honour.

Sir Oliv. Death, and Hell, and Furies, I will
Have my Pumps, and long Sword !

La. Cock. Oh, I shall faint ! did not you promise
Me you wou'd not be so rash ?

Sir Oliv. Well, I will not kill him, for fear of
Murdering thee, my Dear.

La. Cock. You may decline your friendship, and
By your coldness give him no encouragement
To visit our Family.

Sir Oliv. I think thy advice the best for this once
Indeed ; for it is not fit to publish such a business :
But if he shou'd be ever tempting or attempting,
Let me know it, prithee, my Dear.

La. Cock. If you moderate your self according
To my directions now, I shall never conceal
Any thing from you, that may increase your
Just opinion of my conjugal fidelity.

Sir Oliv. Was ever man bless'd with such
A vertuous Lady ! yet cannot I forbear going a [*Aside.*
Ranging agen. Now must I to the Spring-Garden
To meet my Brother *Jolly* and Madam *Rampant*.

La. Cock. Prithee, be so good to think how
Melancholy I spend my time here ; for I have
Joy in no Company but thine, and let that
Bring thee home a little sooner.

Sir Oliv. Thou hast been so kind in this discovery,
That I am loth to leave thee.

La. Cock. I wish you had not been engag'd so far.

Sir Oliv. Ay, that's it : farewel, my vertuous Dear.

[*Exit Sir Oliver.*]

La. Cock. Farewel, my Dearest Dear. I know
He has not courage enough to question *Courtall* ;
But this will make him hate him, encrease his

Confidence

Confidence of me, and justifie my banishing that
False Fellow our house ; it is not fit a man that
Has abus'd my Love, shou'd come hither, and pry
Into my actions : besides, this will make his
Access more difficult to that wanton Baggage.

*Enter Ariana and Gatty with their
Hoods and Masks.*

Whither are you going, Cousins ?

Gat. To take the Air upon the Water, Madam.

Aria. And for Variety, to walk a turn or two
In the new Spring-Garden.

La. Cock. I heard you were gone abroad
With Mr. *Courtall* and Mr. *Freeman*.

Gat. For Heaven's sake, why shou'd your Ladiship
Have such an ill opinion of us ?

La. Cock. The truth is, before I saw you, I believ'd
It meerly the vanity of that prating man ; Mr.
Courtall told Mrs. *Gazes* this morning, that you
Were so well acquainted already, that you
Wou'd meet him and Mr. *Freeman* any where,
And that you had promis'd 'em to receive
And make appointment by Letters.

Gat. Oh impudent man !

Aria. Now you see the consequence, Sister,
Of our rambling ; they have rais'd this false story
From our innocent fooling with 'em in the
Mulberry-Garden last night.

Gat. I cou'd almost forswear ever speaking
To a man agen.

La. Cock. Was Mr. *Courtall* in the Mulberry-
Garden last night ?

Aria. Yes, Madam.

La. Cock. And did he speak to you ?

Gat. There pass'd a little harmless Raillery
Betwixt us ; but you amaze me, Madam.

Aria. I cou'd not imagine any man could
Be thus unworthy.

La. Cock. He has quite lost my good opinion Too : in Duty to Sir *Oliver*, I have hitherto show'd Him some countenance ; but I shall hate him Hereafter for your sakes. But I detain you from Your Recreations, Cousins.

Gat. We are very much oblig'd to your Ladiship for this timely notice.

Aria. Gat. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Ex. Ariana and Gatty.*]

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins——in the Mulberry-Garden last night ! when I sat languishing, And vainly expecting him at home : this has Incens'd me so, that I could kill him. I am glad These Girls are gone to the Spring-Garden, it Helps my design ; the Letters I have counterfeited, Have appointed *Courtall* and *Freeman* to meet Them there, they will produce 'em, and confirm All I have said : I will daily poyson these Girls With such lyes as shall make their quarrel to *Courtall* irreconcilable, and render *Freeman* Only suspected ; for I wou'd not have him Thought equally guilty : He secretly began To make an address to me at the Bear, and This breach shall give him an opportunity To pursue it.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Here are your things, Madam.

La. Cock. That's well : Oh *Sentry* ! I shall once More be happy ; for now Mr. *Courtall* has given Me an occasion, that I may without ingratitude Check his unlawful passion, and free my self From the trouble of an Intrigue, that gives me Every day such fearful apprehensions of my honour.

[*Ex. La. Cock. and Sentry.*]

SCENE II.

*New Spring-Garden.**Enter Sir Joslin, Rake-hell, and Waiter.*

Wait. Will you be pleas'd to walk into
An Arbour, Gentlemen?

Sir Jos. By and by, good Sir.

Rake. I wonder Sir *Oliver* is not come yet.

Sir Jos. Nay, he will not fail I warrant thee,
Boy ; but what's the matter with thy Nose,
My little *Rake-hell*?

Rake. A foolish accident ; jesting at the *Fleece*
This afternoon, I mistook my man a little, a dull
Rogue that could not understand Raillery,
Made a sudden Repertee with a Quart-pot,
Sir Joslin.

Sir Jos. Why didst not thou stick him to the
Wall, my little *Rake-hell*?

Rake. The truth is, Sir *Joslin*, he deserv'd it ;
But look you, in case of a doubtful wound,
I am unwilling to give my friends too often the
Trouble to bail me ; and if it shou'd be
Mortal, you know a younger Brother has
Not wherewithal to rebate the edge of a
Witness, and mollifie the hearts of a Jury.

Sir Jos. This is very prudently consider'd indeed.

Rake. 'Tis time to be wise, Sir ; my Courage has
Almost run me out of a considerable Annuity.
When I liv'd first about this Town, I agreed
With a Surgeon for twenty pounds a Quarter
To cure me of all the Knocks, Bruises, and
Green Wounds I shou'd receive, and in one half
Year the poor Fellow beg'd me to be releas'd
Of his bargain, and swore I wou'd undo him
Else in Lint and Balsom.

Exit

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Jos. Ho ! here's my Brother *Cockwood* come----

Sir Oliv. I, Brother *Jolly*, I have kept my word,
You see ; but 'tis a barbarous thing to abuse my
Lady, I have had such a proof of her Vertue,
I will tell thee all anon.

But where's Madam *Rampant*, and the rest of
The Ladies, Mr. *Rake-bell* ?

Rake. Faith, Sir, being disappointed at noon,
They were unwilling any more to set a certainty
At hazard : 'tis Term-time, and they have
Severally betook themselves, some to their
Chamber-practice, and others to the Places
Of Publick Pleading.

Sir Oliv. Faith, Brother *Jolly*, let us ev'n go into
An Arbour, and then segue Mr. *Rake-bell*.

Sir Jos. With all my heart, wou'd we had
Madam *Rampant*.

Sings.

*She's as frolick and free,
As her Lovers dare be,
Never aw'd by a foolish Punctilio ;
She'l not start from her place,
Though thou nam'st a black Ace,
And will drink a Beer-glass to Spudilio.*

Hey, Boys ! Come, come, come ! let's in,
And delay our sport no longer.

Exit singing, She'l not start from her, &c.

Enter Courtall and Freeman severally.

Court. Freeman !

Free. Courtall, what the Devil's the matter with
Thee ? I have observ'd thee prying up and down
The Walks like a Citizen's Wife that has dropt

Her

Her Holy-day Pocket-handkercher.

Court. What unlucky Devil has brought thee hither?

Free. I believe a better natur'd Devil than yours,

Courtall, if a Leveret be better meat than an old Puss, that has been cours'd by most of the young Fellows of her country : I am not working my Brain for a Counter-plot, a disappointment is not My bus'ness.

Court. You are mistaken, *Freeman* : prithee be Gone, and leave me the Garden to my self, or I Shall grow as testy as an old Fowler that is put By his shoot, after he has crept half a mile Upon his belly.

Free. Prithee be thou gone, or I shall take it as Unkindly as a Chymist wou'd, if thou should'st Kick down his Limbeck in the very minute That he look'd for projection.

Court. Come, come, you must yield, *Freeman*, Your bus'ness cannot be of such consequence as mine.

Free. If ever thou hadst a bus'ness of such Consequence in thy life as mine is, I will condescend To be made incapable of affairs presently.

Court. Why, I have an appointment made me, Man, without my seeking, by a Woman for Whom I wou'd have mortgag'd my whole Estate to have had her abroad but to break A Cheese-cake.

Free. And I have an appointment made me without My seeking too, by such a she, that I will break the Whole ten Commandments, rather than Disappoint her of her breaking one.

Court. Come, you do but jest, *Freeman*, a forsaken Mistress cou'd not be more malicious than thou Art : prithee be gone.

Free. Prithee do thou be gone.

Court. 'Sdeath ! the sight of thee will scare My Woman for ever.

Free. 'Sdeath ! the sight of thee will make my

Woman :

Woman believe me the falsest Villain breathing.

Court. We shall stand fooling till we are both Undone, and I know not how to he'p it.

Free. Let us proceed honestly like Friends, Discover the truth of things to one another, and If we cannot reconcile our bus'ness, we will Draw Cuts, and part fairly.

Court. I do not like that way ; for talk is only Allowable at the latter end of an Intrigue, and Shou'd never be us'd at the beginning of an Amour, for fear of frightening a young Lady from Her good intentions — yet I care not, though I Read the Letter, but I will conceal the name.

Free. I have a Letter too, and am content To do the same.

Court. reads. Sir, in sending you this Letter, I Proceed against the modesty of our Sex —

Free. 'Sdeath, this begins just like my Letter.

Court. Do you read on then —

Free. reads. But let not the good opinion I have Conceiv'd of you, make you too severe in your Censuring of me----

Court. Word for word.

Free. Now do you read, agen.

Court. reads. If you give your self the trouble to be Walking in the new Spring-Garden this Evening, I Will meet you there, and tell you a secret, which I have reason to fear, because it comes to your Knowledge by my means, will you make you hate Your humble Servant.

Free. Verbatim my Letter, Hey-day !

Court. Prithee lets compare the Hands.

[*They compare 'em.*]

Free. 'Sdeath, the Hand's the same.

Court. I hope the Name is not the same too----

Free. If it be, we are finely jilted, faith.

Court. I long to be undeceiv'd ; prithee do Thou show first, *Freeman.*

Free.

Free. No——but both together, if you will.

Court. Agreed.

Free. Ariana.

Court. Gatty---Ha, ha, ha.

Free. The little Rogues are masculine in their Proceedings, and have made one another Confidents in their Love.

Court. But I do not like this altogether so well, *Frank*; I wish they had appointed us several Places : for though 'tis evident they have Trusted one another with the bargain, no Woman ever seals before Witnesses.

Free. Prithee how didst thou escape the snares Of the old Devil this afternoon ?

Court. With much ado ; *Sentry* had set me ; if her Ladiship had got me into her clutches, there Had been no getting off without a Rescue, Or paying down the money ; for she Always arrests upon Execution.

Free. You made a handsom lye to her Woman.

Court. For all this, I know she's angry ; for she Thinks nothing a just Excuse in these cases, Though it were to save the forfeit of a mans Estate, or reprieve the life of her own Natural Brother.

Free. Faith, thou hast not done altogether like A Gentleman with her ; thou should'st fast thy Self up to a stomach now and then, to oblige Her ; if there were nothing in it, but the hearty Welcome, methinks 'twere enough to make thee Bear sometimes with the homeliness of the Fare.

Court. I know not what I might do in a Camp, Where there were no other Woman ; but I shall Hardly in this Town, where there is such plenty, Forbear good meat, to get my self an Appetite to Horse-flesh.

Free. This is rather an aversion in thee, then any Real fault in the Woman ; if this lucky business

Had not fallen out, I intended with your good
Leave to have out-bid you for her Ladiships
Favour.

Court. I should never have consented to that, *Frank*,
Though I am a little resty at present, I am not such
A Jade, but I should strain if another rid against
Me; I have e're now lik'd nothing in a Woman
That I have lov'd at last in spight only,
Because another had a mind to her.

Free. Yonder are a couple of Vizards tripping
Towards us.

Court. 'Tis they, i' faith.

Free. We need not divide, since they come together.

Court. I was a little afraid when we compar'd
Letters, they had put a trick upon us; but now I
Am confirm'd they are mighty honest.

Enter Ariana and Gatty.

Aria. We cannot avoid 'em.

Gat. Let us dissemble our knowledge of their
Bus'ness a little, and then take 'em down in
The height of their assurance.

Court. Free. Your Servant, Ladies.

Aria. I perceive it is as impossible, Gentlemen,
To walk without you, as without our shadows;
Never were poor Women so haunted by the
Ghosts of their self-murdered Lovers.

Gat. If it should be our good Fortunes to have
You in Love with us, we will take care you
Shall not grow desperate, and leave the
World in an ill humour.

Aria. If you shou'd, certainly your Ghosts
Would be very malicious.

Court. 'Twere pity you should have your Curtains
Drawn in the dead of the night, and your pleasing
Slumbers interrupted by any thing but flesh
And blood, Ladies.

Free. Shall we walk a turn?

Aria. By your selves, if you please.

Gat.

Gat. Our Company may put a constraint upon You ; for I find you daily hover about these Gardens, as a Kite does about a back-fide, Watching an opportunity to catch up the Poultry.

Aria. Wo be to the Daughter or Wife of some Merchant-Taylor, or poor Felt-maker now ; For you seldom row to *Fox-hall* without Some such Plot against the City.

Free. You wrong us, Ladies, our bus'ness has Happily succeeded, since we have the Honour to wait upon you.

Gat. You could not expect to see us here.

Court. Your true Lover, Madam, when he misses His Mistress, is as restless as a Spaniel that has Lost his Master ; he ranges up and down The plays, the Park, and all the Gardens, and Never stays long, but where he has the Happiness to see her.

Gat. I suppose your Mistress, Mr. *Courtall*, is Always the last Woman you are acquainted with.

Court. Do not think, Madam, I have that false Measure of my acquaintance, which Poets have Of their Verses, always to think the last best, Though I esteem you so, in justice to your merit.

Gat. Or if you do not love her best, you always Love to talk of her most ; as a barren Coxcomb That wants discourse, is ever entertaining Company out of the last Book he read in.

Court. Now you accuse me most unjustly, Madam ; Who the Devil, that has common sense, will go a Birding with a Clack in his Cap ?

Aria. Nay, we do not blame you, Gentlemen, Every one in their way ; a Huntsman talks of his Dogs, a Falconer of his Hawks, a Jocky of His Horse, and a Gallant of his Mistress.

Gat. Without the allowance of this Vanity, an Amour would soon grow as dull as Matrimony.

Court. Whatsoever you say, Ladies, I cannot

Believe you think us men of such abominable Principles.

Free. For my part, I have ever held it as ingrateful To boast of the favours of a Mistress, as to deny The Courtesies of a Friend.

Court. A Friend that bravely ventures his life in The field to serve me, deserves but equally with A Mistress that kindly exposes her Honour to Oblige me, especially when she does it as Generously too, and with as little Ceremony.

Free. And I would no more betray the Honour Of such a Woman, then I would the life of a Man that shou'd rob on purpose to supply me.

Gat. We believe you men of Honour, and know It is below you to talk of any Woman that deserves it.

Aria. You are so generous, you seldom insult After a Victory.

Gat. And so vain, that you always triumph Before it.

Court. 'Sdeath ! what's the meaning of all this ?

Gat. Though you find us so kind, Mr. *Courtall*, Pray do not tell Mrs. *Gazet* to morrow, that We came hither on purpose this Evening To meet you.

Court. I wou'd as soon print it, and see a Fellow To post it up with the Play-bills.

Gat. You have repos'd a great deal of confidence In her, for all you pretend this ill opinion Of her secrecy now.

Court. I never trusted her with the name of a Mistress, that I should be jealous of, if I saw her Receive fruit, and go out of the Play-House with a Stranger.

Gat. For ought as I see, we are infinitely Oblig'd to you, Sir.

Court. 'Tis impossible to be insensible of so Much goodness, Madam.

Gat. What goodness, pray, Sir ?

Court. Come, come, give over this Raillery.

Gat. You are so ridiculously unworthy, that 'twere
A folly to reprove you with a serious look.

Court. On my conscience, your heart begins to
Fail you now we are coming to the point, as a
Young Fellow's that was never in the field before.

Gat. You begin to amaze me.

Court. Since you your self sent the challenge,
You must not in Honour flye off now.

Gat. Challenge ! Oh Heavens ! this confirms
All : were I a man, I would kill thee for the
Injuries thou hast already done me.

Free. to Aria. Let not your suspicion of my
Unkindness make you thus scrupulous ; was ever
City ill treated, that surrendred without Assault
Or Summons ?

Aria. Dear Sister, what ill Spirit brought us
Hither ? I never met with so much impudence
In my life.

Court. aside. Hey Jilts ! they are as good at it
Already, as the old one i'faith.

Free. Come, Ladies, you have exercis'd your
Wit enough ; you wou'd not venture Letters
Of such consequence for a jest only.

Gat. Letters ! blefs me, what will this come to ?

Court. To that none of us shall have cause to
Repent I hope, Madam.

Aria. Let us flye 'em, Sister, they are Devils,
And not men, they could never be so
Malicious else.

Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Court. starting. Ho my Lady Cockwood ! my ears
Are grown an inch already.

Aria. My Lady ! she'll think this an appointment,
Sister.

Free. This is Madam *Matchiawil*, I suspect, *Courtall*.

Court. Nay, 'tis her Plot doubtless : now am I

As much out of countenance, as I should be if Sir *Oliver* Should take me making bold with her Ladiship.

La. Cock. Do not let me discompose you, I can walk alone, Cousins.

Gat. Are you so uncharitable, Madam, to think We have any business with 'em?

Aria. It has been our ill Fortune to meet 'em Here, and nothing could be so lucky as your Coming, Madam, to free us from 'em.

Gat. They have abus'd us in the grossest manner.

Aria. Counterfeited Letters under our Hands.

La. Cock. Never trouble your selves, Cousins, I Have heard this is a common practice with such Unworthy men: did they not threaten to divulge Them, and defame you to the World?

Gat. We cannot believe they intend any thing Less, Madam.

La. Cock. Doubtless, they had such a mean opinion Of your Wit and Honour, that they thought to Fright you to a base compliance with their Wicked purposes.

Aria. I hate the very sight of 'em.

Gat. I could almost wish my self a disease; to Breathe infection upon 'em.

Court. Very pretty! we have carried on our designs Very luckily against these young Ladies.

Free. We have lost their good opinion for ever.

La. Cock. I know not whether their folly or their Impudence be greater, they are not worth your Anger, they are only fit to be laugh'd at, and despis'd.

Court. A very fine old Devil this!

La. Cock. Mr. *Freeman*, this is not like a Gentleman, To affront a couple of young Ladies thus; but I Cannot blame you so much, you are in a manner a Stranger to our Family: but I wonder how that Base man can look me in the face, considering How civilly he has been treated at our house.

Court. The truth is, Madam, I am a Rascal; but I

Fear you have contributed to the making me so :
Be not as unmerciful as the Devil is to a poor sinner.

Sent. Did you ever see the like ? never trust
Me, if he has not the confidence to make my
Virtuous Lady accessary to his wickedness.

La. Cock. Ay *Sentry* ! 'tis a miracle if my Honour
Escapes, considering the access which his greatness
With *Sir Oliver* has given him daily to me.

Free. Faith, Ladies, we did not counterfeit these
Letters, we are abus'd as well as you.

Court. I receiv'd mine from a Porter at the King's
Play-house, and I will show it you, that you may
See if you know the Hand.

La. Cock. *Sentry*, are you sure they never saw
Any of your Writing ?

Court. 'Sdeath ! I am so discompos'd, I know
Not where I have put it.

Sent. Oh Madam ! now I remember my self,
Mrs. Gatty help'd me once to indite a Letter
To my Sweet-heart.

La. Cock. Forgetful Wench ! then I am undone.

Court. Oh here it is—— Hey, who's here ?

[*As he has the Letter in hand, enter*
Sir Joslin, Sir Oliver, and Rake-
hell, all drunk, with Musick.

They sing.

She's no Mistress of mine
That drinks not her Wine,
Or frowns at my friends drinking motions ;
If my Heart thou would'st gain,
Drink thy Bottle of Champagne.
'I will serve thee for Paint and Love-potions.

Sir Oliv. Who's here ? *Courtall*, in my Lady's
Company ! I'll dispatch him presently ;
Help me, Brother *Jolly*.

[*He draws.*

La. Cock. For Heavens sake, Sir Oliver!
Courtall drawing. What do you mean, Sir?
Sir Oliv. I'll teach you more manners, then
 To make your attempts on my Lady, Sir.
La. Cock. & Sent. Oh! Murder! Murder!
[They shriek.
La. Cock. Save my dear Sir Oliver, Oh my
 Dear Sir Oliver!
*[The young Ladies shriek and run out, they
 all draw to part 'em, they fight off the
 Stage, she shrieks and runs out.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood, Table, and Carpet.

La. Cock. I Did not think he had been so desperate in
 His Drink; if they had kill'd one another,
 I had then been reveng'd, and freed from all my
 Fears----*Sentry*, your carelessness and *[Enter Sentry.*
 Forgetfulness some time or other will undo me;
 Had not Sir Oliver and Sir Jossin came so luckily
 Into the Garden, the Letters had been discover'd,
 And my Honour left to the mercy of a false man,
 And two young fleeing Girls: did you speak
 To Mr. Freeman unperceiv'd in the Hurry?

Sent. I did, Madam, and he promis'd me to disengag
 Himself as soon as possibly he could, and wait
 Upon your Ladiship with all secrecy.

La. Cock. I have some reason to believe him
 A man of Honour.

Sent. Methinks indeed his very look, Madam,
 Speaks him to be much more a Gentleman
 Than Mr. Courtall; but I was unwilling before

Now

Now to let your Ladiship know my opinion, for
Fear of offending your inclinations.

La. Cock. I hope by his means to get these Letters
Into my own hands, and so prevent the inconveniencies
They may bring upon my Honour.

Sent. I wonder, Madam, what should be Sir
Oliver's Quarrel to Mr. Courtall.

La. Cock. You know how apt he is to be suspicious
In his Drink ; 'tis very likely he thought Mr. *Courtall*
Betray'd him at the Bear to day.

Sent. Pray Heav'n he be not jealous of your
Ladiship, finding you abroad so unexpectedly ; if
He be, we shall have a sad hand of him when he
Comes home, Madam.

La. Cock. I should have apprehended it much
My self, *Sentry*, if his drunkenness had not unadvisedly
Ingag'd him in his quarrel ; as soon as he grows a
Little sober, I am sure his fear will bring him
Home, and make him apply himself to me with
All humility and kindness ; for he is ever under-
Hand fain to use my interest and discretion to
Make friends to compound these businesses,
Or to get an order for the securing his
Person and his Honour.

Sent. I believe verily, Mr. *Courtall* wou'd have
Been so rude to have kill'd him, if Mr. *Freeman* and
The rest had not civilly interpos'd their Weapons.

La. Cock. Heavens forbid ! though he be a wicked
Man, I am oblig'd in Duty to love him : whither
Did my Cousins go after we came home, *Sentry*?

Sent. They are at the next door, Madam,
Laughing and playing at Lantre-lou, with my old
Lady *Love-youth* and her Daughters.

La. Cock. I hope they will not come home then
To interrupt my affairs with Mr. *Freeman* : [*Knocking*
Hark ! some body knocks, it may be him, *without.*]
Run down quickly.

Sent. I fly, Madam.

[*Exit Sentry.*

L

La.

La. Cock. Now if he has a real inclination for my Person, I'll give him a handsome opportunity To reveal it.

Enter Sentry and Freeman.

Free. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Oh Mr. *Freeman* ! this unlucky accident Has rob'd me of all my quiet ; I am almost distracted With thinking of the danger Sir *Oliver's* dear Life is in.

Free. You need not fear, Madam, all things will Be reconcil'd again to morrow.

Sent. You wou'd not blame my Lady's Apprehensions, did you but know the Tenderness of her affections.

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall* is a false and merciless man.

Free. He has always own'd a great respect for Your Ladiship, and I never heard him mention You with the least dishonour.

La. Cock. He cannot without injuring the Truth, Heaven knows my innocence : I hope you did Not let him know, Sir, of your coming hither.

Free. I shou'd never merit the happiness to wait Upon you again, had I so abus'd this extraordinary Favour, Madam.

La. Cock. If I have done any thing unbeseeming My Honour, I hope you will be just, Sir, and Impute it to my fear ; I know no man so proper To compose this unfortunate difference as Your self, and if a Lady's tears and prayers Have power to move you to compassion, I Know you will imploy your utmost endeavour To preserve me, my dear Sir *Oliver*.

Free. Do not, Madam, afflict your self so much, I dare ingage my life, his Life and Honour shall Be both secure.

La. Cock. You are truly noble, Sir ; I was so Distracted with my fears, that I cannot well Remember how we parted at the Spring-Garden.

Free.

Free. We all divided, Madam: after your Ladiship
And the young Ladies were gone together, Sir
Oliver, Sir *Joslin*, and the Company with them,
Took one Boat, and Mr. *Courtall* and I another.

La. Cock. Then I need not apprehend their
Meeting again to night.

Free. You need not, Madam; I left Mr. *Courtall* in
His Chamber, wondring what shou'd make
Sir *Oliver* draw upon him, and fretting and
Fuming about the Trick that was put upon
Us with the Letters to day.

La. Cock. Oh! I had almost forgot my self; I
Assure you, Sir, those Letters were sent by one
That has no inclination to be an enemy of yours.

[Knocking below.

Some body knocks.

[Exit Sentry.

If it be Sir *Oliver*, I am undone, he will hate me
Mortally, if he does but suspect I use any secret
Means to hinder him from justifying his
Reputation honourably to the World.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! here is Mr. *Courtall* below in
The Entry, discharging a Coach-man; I told
Him your Ladiship was busie, but he wou'd
Not hear me, and I find, do what I can,
He will come up.

La. Cock. I wou'd not willingly suspect you, Sir.

Free. I have deceiv'd him, Madam, in my coming
Hither, and am as unwilling he shou'd find me
Here, as you can be.

La. Cock. He will not believe my innocent business
With you, but will raise a new Scandal on my
Honour, and publish it to the whole Town.

Sent. Let him step into the Closet, Madam.

La. Cock. Quick, Sir, quick, I beseech you, I will
Send him away again immediately.

Enter Courtall.

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall*! have you no sense of

Honour nor modesty left ? after so many injuries,
To come into our House, and without my
Approbation rudely press upon my
Retirement thus?

Court. Pray, Madam, hear my business.

La. Cock. Thy business is maliciously to pursue
My ruine ; thou comest with a base design to have
Sir *Oliver* catch thee here, and destroy the
Only happiness I have.

Court. I come, Madam, to beg your pardon for
The fault I did unwillingly commit, and to know
Of you the reason of Sir *Oliver's* Quarrel to me.

La. Cock. Thy guilty conscience is able to tell
Thee that, vain and ungrateful man!

Court. I am innocent, Madam, of all things that
May offend him ; and I am sure, if you would
But hear me, I should remove the Justice
Of your Quarrel too.

La. Cock. You are mistaken, Sir, if you think
I am concern'd for your going to the Spring-Garden
This Evening ; my Quarrel is the same with
Sir *Oliver*, and is so just, that thou deserv'st to
Be poyson'd for what thou hast done.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me know my fault.

La. Cock. I blush to think upon't : Sir *Oliver*, since
We came from the Bear, has heard something
Thou hast said concerning me ; but what it is,
I cou'd not get him to discover : he told me 'twas
Enough for me to know he was satisfi'd of
My innocence.

Court. This is meer passion, Madam.

La. Cock. This is the usual revenge of such base
Men as thou art , when they cannot compass
Their ends, with their venomous tongues
To blast the Honour of a Lady.

Court. This is a sudden alteration, Madam ; within
These few hours you had a kinder opinion of me.

La. Cock. 'Tis no wonder you brag of favours.

Behind my back, that have the impudence to
 Upbraid me with kindness to my face; dost
 Thou think I cou'd ever have a good thought of
 Thee, whom I have always found so treacherous
 In thy friendship to Sir *Oliver*?

[*Knock at the door.*]

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! here is Sir *Oliver* come home.

La. Cock. O Heavens! I shall be believ'd guilty
 Now, and he will kill us both. [*He draws.*]

Court. I warrant you, Madam, I'll defend your life.

La. Cock. Oh! there will be Murder, Murder;
 For Heavens sake, Sir, hide your self in some
 Corner or other.

Court. I'll step into that Closet, Madam.

Sent. Hold, hold, Sir, by no means; his Pipes
 And his Tobacco-box lye there, and he
 Always goes in to fetch 'em.

La. Cock. Your malice will soon be at an end:
 Heaven knows what will be the fatal consequence
 Of your being found here.

Sent. Madam, let him creep under the Table,
 The Carpet is long enough to hide him.

La. Cock. Have you good Nature enough to
 Save the Life and Reputation of a Lady?

Court. Any thing to oblige you, Madam.

[*He goes under the Table.*]

La. Cock. run- } Be sure you do not stir, Sir,
ning to the Closet. } Whatsoever happens.

Court. Not unless he pulls me out by the Ears.

Sent. Good! he thinks my Lady speaks to him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

La. Cock. My dear Sir *Oliver*—

Sir Oliv. I am unworthy of this kindness, Madam.:

La. Cock. Nay, I intend to chide you for your
 Naughtiness anon; but I cannot chuse but hug,
 Thee, and kiss thee a little first; I was afraid
 I shou'd never have had thee alive within
 These arms agen.

Sir

Sir Oliv. Your goodness does so encrease my Shame, I know not what to say, Madam.

La. Cock. Well, I am glad I have thee safe at Home, I will lock thee up above in my Chamber, And will not so much as trust thee down stairs, Till there be an end of this quarrel.

Sir Oliv. I was so little my self, I knew not what I did, else I had not expos'd my person to so Much danger before thy face.

Sent. 'Twas cruelly done, Sir, knowing the killing Concerns my Lady has for you.

La. Cock. If Mr. Courtall had kill'd thee, I was Resolv'd not to survive thee; but before I had Dy'd, I wou'd have dearly reveng'd thy Murder.

Sir Oliv. As soon as I had recollected my self a Little, I cou'd not rest till I came home to give thee This satisfaction, that I will do nothing without Thy advice and approbation, my Dear: I know Thy Love makes thy life depend upon mine, And it is unreasonable I shou'd upon my own Rash head hazard that, though it be for the Justification of thy Honour.

U'ds me I have let fall a China-Orange that Was recommended to me for one of the best That came over this year; 'Slife light the Candle, Sentry, 'tis run under the Table.

[Knock.

La. Cock. Oh, I am not well!

[Sentry takes up the Candle, there is a great knocking at the door. she runs away with the Candle.

Sent. Oh Heaven! who's that that knocks So hastily?

Sir Oliv. Why, Sentry! bring back the Candle; Are you mad to leave us in the dark, and your Lady not well? how is it, my Dear?

La. Cock. For Heavens sake run after her, Sir Oliver, Snatch the Candle out of her hand, and teach Her more manners.

Sir Oliv. I will, my Dear.

La. Cock. What shall I do ? was ever Woman
So unfortunate in the management of affairs !

Court. What will become of me now ?

La. Cock. It must be so, I had better trust my
Honour to the mercy of them two, then be
Betray'd to my Husband : Mr. *Courtall*, give
Me your hand quickly, I beseech you.

Court. Here, here, Madam, what's to be done now ?

La. Cock. I will put you into the Closet, Sir.

Court. He'll be coming in for his Tobacco-box
And Pipes.

La. Cock. Never fear that, Sir.

Freeman out of the Closet door. } Now shall I be discover'd ; pox
 } On your honourable intrigue,
Wou'd I were safe at *Giffords*.

La. Cock. Here, here, Sir, this is the door,
Whatsoever you feel, be not frighted ; for
Shou'd you make the least disturbance,
You will destroy the life, and what is more,
The Honour of an unfortunate Lady.

Court. So, so, if you have occasion to remove
Agen, make no Ceremony, Madam.

Enter Sir Oliver, Sentry, Ariana, Gatty.

Sir Oliv. Here is the Candle, how dost thou,
My Dear ?

La. Cock. I cou'd not imagine, *Sentry*, you had
Been so ill bred, to run away, and leave your
Master and me in the dark.

Sent. I thought there had been another Candle
Upon the Table, Madam.

La. Cock. Good ! you thought ! you are always
Excusing of your carelessness ; such another
Misdemeanour——

Sir Oliv. Prithce, my Dear, forgive her.

La. Cock. The truth is, I ought not to be very
Angry with her at present, 'tis a good natur'd
Creature; she was so frighted, for fear of

Thy

Thy being mischief'd in the Spring-Garden,
That I verily believe she scarce knows
What she does yet.

Sir Oliv. Light the Candle, *Sentry*, that I
May look for my Orange.

La. Cock. You have been at my Lady Love-youths,
Cousins, I hear.

Aria. We have, Madam.

Gat. She charg'd us to remember her Service to you.

Sir Oliv. So, here it is, my Dear, I brought it
Home on purpose for thee.

La. Cock. 'Tis a lovely Orange indeed ! thank you,
My Dear ; I am so discompos'd with the fright
I have had, that I wou'd fain be at rest.

Sir Oliv. Get a Candle, *Sentry*: will you go
To bed, my Dear ?

La. Cock. With all my heart, *Sir Oliver*: 'tis late,
Cousins, you had best retire to your Chamber too.

Gat. We shall not stay long here, Madam.

Sir Oliv. Come, my Dear.

La. Cock. Good night, Cousins.

Gat. and Aria. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver, Lady Cock-
wood, and Sentry.*]

Aria. I cannot but think of those Letters, Sister.

Gat. That is, you cannot but think of Mr. *Freeman*,
Sister ; I perceive he runs in thy head as much as
A new Gown uses to do in the Country, the
Night before 'tis expected from *London*.

Aria. You need not talk, for I am sure the losses
Of an unlucky Gamester are not more his
Meditation, than Mr. *Courtall* is yours.

Gat. He has made some slight impression on my
Memory, I confess ; but I hope a night will
Wear him out agen, as it does the noise
Of a Fiddle after Dancing.

Aria. Love, like some Itains, will wear out of it
Self, I know, but not in such a little time as
You talk of, Sister.

Gat.

Gat. It cannot last longer then the stain of a Mulberry at most ; the next season out that goes, And my heart cannot be long unfruitful, sure.

Aria. Well, I cannot believe they forg'd these Letters ; what shou'd be their end ?

Gat. That you may easily guess at ; but methinks They took a very improper way to compass it.

Aria. It looks more like the malice or Jealousie Of a Woman, then the design of two witty men.

Gat. If this shou'd prove a Fetch of her Ladiships Now, that is a playing the loving Hypocrite Above with her dear Sir *Oliver*.

Aria. How unluckily we were interrupted, when They were going to show us the hand !

Gat. That might have discover'd all : I have a Small suspicion, that there has been a little Familiarity between her Ladiship and Mr. *Courtall*.

Aria. Our finding of 'em together in the Exchange, And several passages I observ'd at the Bear, have Almost made me of the same opinion.

Gat. Yet I wou'd fain believe the countinuance Of it is more her desire, then his inclination : That which makes me mistrust him most, is her Knowing we made 'em an appointment.

Aria. If she were jealous of Mr. *Courtall*, she Wou'd not be jealous of Mr. *Freeman* too ; they Both pretend to have receiv'd Letters.

Gat. There is something in it more then we are Able to imagine ; time will make it out, I hope, To the advantage of the Gentlemen.

Aria. I wou'd gladly have it so ; for I believe, Shou'd they give us a just cause, we should find it A hard task to hate them.

Gat. How I love the Song I learnt t'other day, Since I saw them in the Mulberry-Garden !

She sings.

To little or no purpose I spent many days,
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and th' Plays;
For ne're in my rambles till now did I prove
So luckie to meet with the man I cou'd love.
Oh! how I am pleas'd when I think on this man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

2.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Then had I a Fever, when I shou'd be well.
My passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I wou'd give all the world he did know it;
But oh how I sigh, when I think shou'd he woo me,
I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me!

Aria. Fy, Sister, thou art so wanton.

Gat. I hate to dissemble when I need not;
'T wou'd look as affected in us to be reserv'd
Now w'are alone, as for a Player to maintain
The Character she acts in the Tying-room.

Aria. Prithee sing a good Song.

Gat. Now art thou for a melancholy Madrigal,
Compos'd by some amorous Coxcomb, who
Swears in all Companies he loves his Mistress
So well, that he wou'd not do her the injury,
Were she willing to grant him the favour,
And it may be is Sot enough to believe he
Wou'd oblige her in keeping his Oath too.

Aria. Well, I will reach thee thy Guitar out of
The Closet, to take thee off of this subject.

Gat. I'de rather be a Nun, then a Lover at
Thy rate; devotion is not able to make
Me half so serious as Love has made
Thee already.

[*Aria. opens the Closet, Court. and Free.
come out.*

Court, Ha, Freeman! is this your bus'ness

With

With a Lawyer ? here's a new discovery, i'faith !

[They shriek and run out.]

Free. Peace, man, I will satisfy your Jealousie Hereafter ; since we have made this lucky Discovery, let us mind the present bus'nesses. *[Court. and Free.]*

Court. Nay, Ladies, now we have caught you, *catch the Ladies, and bring them back.]* There is no escaping till w'are come to a right Understanding.

Enter Lady Cock. and Sir Oliv. and Sentry.

Free. Come, never blush, we are as loving as You can be for your hearts, I assure you.

Court. Had it not been our good Fortunes to Have been conceal'd here, you wou'd have Had ill Nature enough to dissemble with Us at least a fortnight longer.

La. Cock. What's the matter with you here ? Are you mad, Cousins ? blest me, Mr. *Courtall* And Mr. *Freeman* in our house at these Unseasonable hours !

Sir Oliv. Fetch me down my long Sword, *Sentry*, I lay my life *Courtall* has been tempting the Honour of the young Ladies.

La. Cock. Oh my Dear ! *[She holds him.]*

Gat. We are almost scared out of our wits ; My Sister went to reach my Guitar out of the Closet, and found 'em both shut up there.

La. Cock. Come, come, this will not serve your Turn ; I am afraid you had a design secretly To convey 'em into your Chamber : well, I will have no more of these doings in my Family, my Dear ; Sir *Joslin* shall remove These Girls to morrow.

Free. You injure the young Ladies, Madam ; Their surprize shews their innocence.

Court. If any body be to blame, it is Mrs. *Sentry*.

Sent. What mean you, Sir ? Heaven knows I know no more of their being here —

Court. Nay, nay, Mrs. *Sentry*, you need not

Be asham'd to owne the doing of a couple of
Young Gentlemen such a good office.

Sent. Do not think to put your tricks upon me, Sir.

Court. Understanding by Mrs. *Sentry*, Madam,
That these young Ladies wou'd very likely
Sit and talk in the Dining-room an hour before
They went to bed, of the accidents of the
Day, and being impatient to know whether
That unlucky bus'ness which happen'd in
The Spring-Garden, about the Letters, had
Quite destroy'd our hopes of gaining their
Esteem; for a small sum of money Mr. *Freeman*
And I obtain'd the favour of her to shut us
Up where we might over-hear 'em.

La. Cock. Is this the truth, *Sentry*?

Sent. I humbly beg your pardon, Madam.

La. Cock. A Lady's Honour is not safe, that keeps
A Servant so subject to corruption; I will turn
Her out of my Service for this. [Aside.

Sir Oliv. Good! I was suspicious their bus'nesses
Had been with my Lady at first.

La. Cock. Now will I be in Charity with him.
Agen, for putting this off so handsomly.

Sir Oliv. Hark you my Dear, shall I forbid
Mr. *Courtall* my house?

La. Cock. Oh! by no means, my Dear; I had
Forgot to tell thee, since I acquainted thee with
That bus'ness, I have been discoursing with my
Lady *Love-youth*, and she blam'd me infinitely
For letting thee know it, and laugh'd exceedingly
At me, believing Mr. *Courtall* intended thee
No injury, and told me 'twas only a harmless
Gallantry, which his French breeding
Has us'd him to.

Sir Oliv. Faith, I am apt enough to believe it;
For on my conscience, he is a very honest Fellow.
Ned Courtall! how the Devil came it about
That thee and I fell to Sa, Sa, in the
Spring-Garden?

Court.

Court. You are best able to resolve your Self that, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. Well, the Devil take me, if I had the Least unkindness for thee----prithee let us Embrace and kifs, and be as good Friends As ever we were, dear Rogue.

Court. I am so reasonable, Sir *Oliver*, that I will Ask no other satisfaction for the injury you have Done me.

Free. Here's the Letter, Madam.

Aria. Sister, look here, do you know this hand ?

Gat. 'Tis *Sentry's*.

La. Cock. Oh Heavens ! I shall be ruin'd yet.

Gat. She has been the Contriver of all this mischief.

Court. Nay, now you lay too much to her charge In this ; she was but my Lady's Secretary, I Assure you, she has discover'd the whole Plot to us.

Sent. What does he mean ?

La. Cock. Will he betray me at last ?

Court. My Lady being in her Nature severely Vertuous, is, it seems, offended at the innocent Freedom you take in rambling up and down By your selves ; which made her, out of a Tendernefs to your Reputations, counterfeit These Letters, in hopes to fright you to that Reservednefs which she approves of.

La. Cock. This has almost redeem'd my opinion Of his Honour. [*Aside.* Cousins, the little regard you had to the good Counsel I gave you, puts me upon this Buifness.

Gat. Pray, Madam, what was it Mrs. *Gazet* Told you concerning us ?

La. Cock. Nothing, nothing, Cousins : what I told You of Mr. *Courtall*, was meer invention, the Better to carry on my design for your good:

Court. *Freeman* ! pray what brought you hither ?

Free:

Free. A kind Summons from her Ladiship.

Court. Why did you conceal it from me?

Free. I was afraid thy peevish Jealousie might
Have destroy'd the design I had of getting an
Opportunity to clear our selves to the
Young Ladies.

Court. Fortune has been our friend in that
Beyond expectation.

To the Ladies. I hope, Ladies, you are satisf'd
Of our innocence now.

Gat. Well, had you been found guilty of the
Letters, we were resolv'd to have counterfeited
Two Contracts under your hands, and have
Suborn'd Witnesses to swear 'em.

Aria. That had been a full revenge ; for I know
You wou'd think it as great a Scandal to be
Thought to have an inclination for Marriage,
As we shou'd to be believ'd willing to take
Our freedom without it.

Court. The more probable thing, Ladies, had
Been only to pretend a Promise ; we have
Now and then courage enough to venture so far
For a valuable consideration.

Gat. The truth is, such experienc'd Gentlemen
As you are, seldom mortgage your persons
Without it be to redeem your Estates.

Court. 'Tis a mercy we have 'scap'd the mischief
So long, and are like to do Penance only for
Our own sins ; most Families are a Wedding
Behind hand in the World, which makes
So many young men fool'd into Wives, to pay
Their Fathers Debts : all the happiness a
Gentleman can desire, is to live at liberty,
Till he be forc'd that way to pay his own.

Free. Ladies, you know we are not ignorant
Of the good Intentions you have towards
Us ; pray let us treat a little.

Gat. I hope you are not in so desperate a

Condition,

Condition, as to have a good opinion of Marriage, are you ?

Aria. 'Tis to as little purpose to treat with us Of any thing under that, as it is for those kind Ladies, that have oblig'd you with a valuable Consideration, to challenge the performance Of your promise.

Sir Oliv. Well, and how, and how, my dear Ned, Goes the business between you and these Ladies ? Are you like to drive a Bargain ?

Court. Faith, Sir *Oliver*, we are about it.

Sir Oliv. And cannot agree, I warrant you ; they Are for having you take a Lease for life, and you are For being Tenants at Will, Ned, is it not so ?

Gat. These Gentlemen have found it so convenient Lying in Lodgings, they'll hardly venture on the Trouble of taking a House of their own.

Court. A pretty Country-seat, Madam, with a Handsom parcel of Land, and other necessities Belonging to't, may tempt us ; but for a Town-Tenement that has but one poor conveniency, We are resolv'd we'll never deal.

[*A noise of Musick without.*]

Sir Oliv. Hark ! my Brother *Jolly's* come home.

Aria. Now, Gentlemen, you had best look to Your selves, and come to an agreement with us Quickly ; for I'll lay my life, my Uncle has Brought home a couple of fresh Chap-men, That will out-bid you.

Enter Sir Jollin with Musick.

Sir Jos. Hey Boys !

[*Dance.*]

Sings.

*A Catch and a Glass,
A Fiddle and a Lase,
What more wou'd an honest man have ?
Hang your temperate Sot,
Who wou'd seem what he's not ;
'Tis I am wise, he's but grave.*

Sir Jos. What's here ? *Mr. Courtall* and *Mr. Freeman* !

Sir Oliv. Oh man ! here has been the prettiest,
The luckiest discovery on all sides ! we are
All good Friends again.

Sir Jos. Hark you Brother *Cockwood*, I have got
Madam *Rampant* ; *Rake-bell* and she are without.

Sir Oliv. Oh Heavens ! dear Brother *Jolly*, send
Her away immediately, my Lady has such an aversion
To a naughty Woman, that she will swoond if
She does but see her.

Sir Jos. Faith, I was hard put to't, I wanted a
Lover, and rather then I would break my old
Wont, I dress'd up *Rampant* in a Suit I bought

Enter Rake-hell.

Of *Rake-bell* ; but since this good Company's here,
I'll send her away. My little *Rake-bell*, come
Hither ; you see here are two powerful Rivals ;
Therefore for fear of kicking, or a worse disaster,
Take *Rampant* with you, and be going quickly.

Rake. Your humble Servant, Sir.

[*Ex. Rake-hell and Rampant.*]

Court. You may hereafter spare your self this
Labour, Sir *Joslin* ; *Mr. Freeman* and I have vow'd
Our selves humble Servants to these Ladies.

Free. I hope we shall have your approbation, Sir.

Sir Jos. Nay, if you have a mind to commit
Matrimony, I'll send for a Canonical Sir shall
Dispatch you presently.

Free. You cannot do better.

Court. What think you of taking us in the humour ?
Consideration may be your Foe, Ladies.

Aria. Come, Gentlemen, I'll make you a fair
Proposition ; since you have made a discovery
Of our inclinations, my Sister and I will be content
To admit you in the quality of Servants.

Gat. And if after a months experience of your
Good behaviour, upon serious thoughts, you have
Courage enough to ingage further, we will accept

Of the Challenge, and believe you men of Honour.

Sir Jos. Well spoke i' faith, Girls ; and is it
A match, Boys ?

Court. If the heart of man be not very deceitful,
'Tis very likely it may be so.

Free. A month is a tedious time, and will be a
Dangerous tryal of our resolutions ; but I
Hope we shall not repent before Marriage,
Whate're we do after.

Sir Jos. How stand matters between you and
Your Lady, Brother *Cockwood*? is there
Peace on all sides ?

Sir Oliv. Perfect concord, man : I will tell
Thee all that has happen'd since I parted from
Thee, when we are alone, 'twill make thee laugh
Heartily. Never man was so happy in a
Virtuous and a loving Lady!

Sir Jos. Though I have led *Sir Oliver* astray
This day or two, I hope you will not exclude me
The Act of Oblivion, Madam.

La. Cock. The nigh Relation I have to you,
And the Respect I know *Sir Oliver* has for you,
Makes me forget all that has pass'd, Sir ; but pray
Be not the occasion of any new transgressions.

Sent. I hope, Mr. *Courtall*, since my endeavours
To serve you, have ruin'd me in the opinion of
My Lady, you will intercede for a reconciliation.

Court. Most willingly, Mrs. *Sentry*----faith, Madam,
Since things have fallen out so luckily, you must
Needs receive your Woman into favour agen.

La. Cock. Her Crime is unpardonable, Sir.

Sent. Upon solemn protestations, Madam, that
The Gentlemens intentions were honourable,
And having reason to believe the young Ladies
Had no aversion to their inclinations, I was
Of opinion I shou'd have been ill natur'd, if I
Had not assisted 'em in the removing those
Difficulties that delay'd their happiness.

Sir Oliv. Come, come, Girl, confess how many Guinnys prevail'd upon your easie Nature.

Sent. Ten, an't please you, Sir.

Sir Oliv. 'Slife, a sum able to corrupt an honest Man in Office ! faith you must forgive her, My Dear.

La. Cock. If it be your pleasure, Sir *Oliver*, I cannot but be obedient.

Sent. If Sir *Oliver*, Madam, shou'd ask me to See this Gold, all may be discover'd yet.

La. Cock. If he does, I will give thee ten Guinnys out of my Cabinet.

Sent. I shall take care to put him upon't ; 'Tis fit, that I who have bore all the blame, Shou'd have some reasonable reward for't.

Court. I hope, Madam, you will not envy me The happiness I am to enjoy with your Fair Relation

La. Cock. Your ingenuity and goodness, Sir, Have made a perfect attonement for you.

Court. Pray, Madam, what was your bus'ness With Mr. *Freeman*?

La. Cock. Only to oblige him to endeavour a Reconciliation between you and Sir *Oliver* ; For though I was resolv'd never to see your Face agen, it was death to me to think Your life was in danger.

Sent. What a miraculous come off is this, Madam !

La. Cock. It has made me so truly sensible of Those dangers to which an aspiring Lady Must daily expose her Honour, that I am Resolv'd to give over the great bus'ness of This Town, and hereafter modestly Confine my self to the humble Affairs Of my own Family.

Court. 'Tis a very pious resolution, Madam, And the better to confirm you in it, pray

Enter-

Entertain an able Chaplain.

La. Cock. Certainly Fortune was never before
So unkind to the Ambition of a Lady:

Sir Jos. Come, Boys, faith we will have a
Dance before we go to bed——Sly-girl and
Mad-cap, give me your hands, that I may
Give 'em to these Gentlemen, a Parson shall
Joyn you e're long, and then you will have
Authority to dance to some purpose: Brother
Cockwood, take out your Lady, I am for Mrs. *Sentry*.

*We'll foot it and side it, my pretty little Miss,
And when we are weary, we'll lye down and kiss.*

Play away, Boys.

[*They dance.*]

Court. to Gatty. Now shall I sleep as little
Without you, as I shou'd do with you:
Madam, expectation makes me almost
As restless as Jealousie.

Free. Faith, let us dispatch this bus'ness;
Yet I never cou'd find the pleasure of waiting
For a Dish of Meat, when a man was heartily
Hungry.

Gat. Marrying in this heat wou'd look as ill
As fighting in your Drink.

Aria. And be no more a proof of Love,
Then t'other is of Valour.

Sir Jos. Never trouble your heads further;
Since I perceive you are all agreed on the
Matter, let me alone to hasten the Ceremony:
Come, Gentlemen, lead 'em to their Chambers;
Brother *Cockwood*, do you shew the way
With your Lady.
Ha Mrs. *Sentry*!

Sings

Sings.

*I gave my Love a Green-gown
Ith merry month of May,
And down she fell as wantonly,
As a Tumbler does at Play.*

Hey Boys, lead away Boys.

Sir Oliv. Give me thy hand, my Vertuous, my Dear;
Henceforwards may our mutual Loves increase,
And when we are a bed, we'll sign the Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

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